



P.T.R



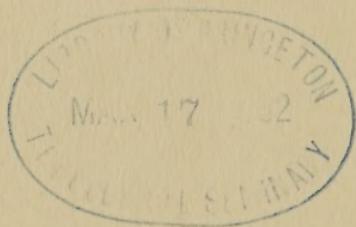
Division

F

BR 125 .S74 1926

Stidger, William L. 1886-

Pulpit prayers and
paragraphs



PULPIT PRAYERS AND PARAGRAPHS

Editorials, Commandments and Beatitudes

WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D.

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

PULPIT PRAYERS AND PARAGRAPHS

Editorials, Commandments and Beatitudes

BUILDING UP THE MID-WEEK SERVICE ✓

BUILDING SERMONS WITH SYMPHONIC

THEMES

FINDING GOD IN BOOKS

THAT GOD'S HOUSE MAY BE FILLED

HENRY FORD: THE MAN AND HIS

MOTIVES

ADVENTURES IN HUMANITY

THE PLACE OF BOOKS IN THE LIFE

WE LIVE

THERE ARE SERMONS IN BOOKS ✓

FLASHLIGHTS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS

STANDING ROOM ONLY ✓

SYMPHONIC SERMONS ✓

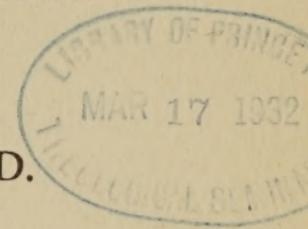
NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

PULPIT PRAYERS AND PARAGRAPHS

Editorials, Commandments and Beatitudes

BY

WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D.



NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1926,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

PULPIT PRAYERS AND PARAGRAPHS
—B—
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATED TO
DR. ELLWOOD ROWSEY
PASTOR OF WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH, TOLEDO, OHIO
A FRIEND WITH
“THE UNDERSTANDING HEART”

WHAT RHYME OR REASON HAS THIS BOOK?

Answer: both rhyme and reason!
Our churches do not link up with life.
The connection is missed in so many pertinent places.

The Pulpit Prayer ought always to link itself with human life. The prayers in this little book leapt hot from the heart of the preacher. They were either taken down by a stenographer or copied after they were prayed. They will illustrate what I mean by linking the church and the church services with life.

There is a section of this book devoted to what I call "Beatitudes of the Beautiful." They have served two purposes: They have directed the attention of my congregations to the beautiful in Nature; to new revelations of God in Nature; and they have also directed the attention of my hearers anew to the beautiful Beatitudes themselves.

The third section is a series of what I call "New Ten Commandments." This was origi-

viii What Reason Has This Book?

nally an attempt to re-interpret the Ten Commandments in terms of the living problems of the day. It was an effort to lift life up in the light of spiritual and Biblical truth. These "Ten Commandments" flashed all over the United States through the Associated Press, the United Press, the Universal Service, and other news associations. They seemed to catch fire at once. The first week after the Ten Commandments for the Church in Its Attitude Toward Youth was issued, I had more than a hundred letters from college presidents, teachers, social workers, parents, students, and young people themselves, from Boston to San Francisco. I have never had an experience like this. The response was continued for weeks after the commandments were issued.

The fourth section is a series of what I call Pulpit Editorials. The Pulpit Editorial is a scheme for commenting on civic affairs and matters of news-note and human interest, without interjecting them into the sermon.

If the Pulpit Editorial is kept within the limits of one page; if it is carefully written, and contains scientific and social facts which indicate that the writer is reading and think-

ing; it may be turned into a popular and a forceful part of a Sunday evening service.

It is a method of conveying new truth, which a preacher is continually gleaning in his reading, and does not get a chance to hand on in his sermons.

It is also a chance to link the pulpit and the church up with human life without obtruding it into the sermon. I have found the medium of the Pulpit Editorial something better than a vehicle for discussing local political affairs. It is a vehicle to convey truth; to keep one's congregations up on new discoveries, new books, and new thinking.

One great Editor said: "I would write shorter editorials, but I haven't time."

This entire book, from beginning to end, is an illustration, I hope; and a demonstration, that real thought, and real truth can be boiled down into brief space.

Either read in the pulpit, or issued each week in the Church Bulletin, these Pulpit Prayers, "New Ten Commandments," "Beatitudes of the Beautiful," and Pulpit Editorials, are an added attraction and a popular appeal for any church or any church service.

CONTENTS

BOOK I

PULPIT PRAYERS AND DEVOTIONS

	PAGE
<i>We Thank Thee for the Sound of Tramping Feet at Springtime</i>	19
<i>Our Lives Are as Fitful as a Cloudy Day in April</i>	20
<i>Dear Lord, We're Coming Home This Month</i>	22
<i>When Winter Came We Thought Thee Gone</i>	24
<i>We Thank Thee for the Snow That Hides All Scars</i>	26
<i>We Scanned the Skies This Night for Thy Star</i>	27
<i>Our Boats Are So Small and Thy Ocean Is So Wide!</i>	28
<i>Dear God, Be Thou Our Sky!</i>	29
<i>For the Moonlight We Bow Our Hearts in Gratitude</i>	30
<i>For Thy Gardens, God, We Are Ever Grateful</i>	32

	PAGE
<i>To the God of Golden Sunsets We Lift Our Eyes</i>	33
<i>For Thorns We Reverently Praise Thee!</i>	34
<i>For Crimson Flowers We Offer Thanks</i>	36
<i>O God! Shine on Our Cold Hearts This Day!</i>	37
<i>A Prayer of Thanks for Blue Skies</i>	38
<i>We Thank Thee That We Know It Isn't Raining Rain To-day</i>	39
<i>Thou Hast Crowned Our Day with a Golden Crown</i>	41
<i>Dear God of Miracles!</i>	42
<i>"Is This the Loving Thing to Do?" May We Ask, Dear God!</i>	43
<i>A Prayer of Grace Before a Men's Meeting</i>	44
<i>Where We Look, Thou Art There</i>	45
<i>Stand Thou Out in Our Lives, Lord!</i>	46
<i>We're Lonesome, Lord!</i>	47
<i>Dear God, We Go to School to Thee!</i>	47
<i>We're Cold, Lord God! Let Us Snuggle Up to Thy Warm Heart!</i>	49
<i>For Tears We Are Grateful, God of Love and Life and Laughter!</i>	51
<i>For Bread, Beauty and Brotherhood We Praise Thee!</i>	52
<i>Dear God of Tramps and Outcasts!</i>	53

Contents

xiii

PAGE

<i>Dear God, We Are Thy Flutes to Play!</i>	55
<i>We Thank Thee That Thou Hast Filled Our Lives with Color!</i>	56
<i>For Trumpet Sounds We Shout Our Thanks!</i>	57
<i>For Bells That Ring We Sing Our Gratitude!</i>	58
<i>Dear Lord of Love, We Thank Thee for Sweet Sounds!</i>	60
<i>For the Ancient and Beautiful Things We Thank Thee, God!</i>	62

BOOK II

BEATITUDES OF THE BEAUTIFUL

<i>The Beatitude of the Birds</i>	67
<i>The Beatitude of the Plains</i>	67
<i>The Beatitude of the Fields</i>	68
<i>Beatitudes of the Gardens of God</i>	69
<i>The Beatitude of Flowers</i>	70
<i>The Beatitude of the Twilights</i>	71
<i>Blessed Are the Waterfalls!</i>	72
<i>A Beatitude of Trees</i>	72
<i>Blessed Are the Great Rocks!</i>	73
<i>Blessed Are the Sand Dunes!</i>	74
<i>The Beatitude of the Lakes</i>	75

	PAGE
<i>A Beatitude of the Sun</i>	76
<i>A Beatitude of the Skies</i>	77
<i>The Beatitude of the Seas</i>	77
<i>A Beatitude for Mothers</i>	78

BOOK III

A SERIES OF NEW "TEN COMMANDMENTS"

<i>For the Church of To-day in Its Relations with Youth</i>	83
<i>For the Youth of To-day</i>	87
<i>Ten Commandments for Preachers</i>	90
<i>Ten Commandments for "Drys"</i>	94
<i>Ten Commandments for This Generation in Its Attitude Toward Mothers</i>	97

BOOK IV

PULPIT EDITORIALS WHICH LINK THE CHURCH WITH HUMAN LIFE

<i>Ideas and Ideals</i>	103
<i>A Dutch Janitor</i>	105
<i>Those Fools for Facts</i>	107
<i>Conduct and Calories</i>	110
<i>Bombardments of Electrons</i>	113

Contents

XV

	PAGE
<i>Atmosphere</i>	115
<i>Milk Bottles and Monotony</i>	118
<i>Eagles and Oysters</i>	121
<i>Eager to Ennoble Life</i>	123
<i>The Art of Conversation</i>	126
<i>Brains and Beauty</i>	129
<i>Priming the Pump</i>	131
<i>Bumps and Blessings</i>	134
<i>What Are the Oldest Living Things on Earth?</i>	136
<i>Constructive Chaos</i>	137
“None of the Coolidges Ever Went West”	139
<i>Chance—and the Coolidge Career</i>	141
<i>The Leap of Life</i>	143
<i>Variety Is the Spice of Life</i>	145
<i>The Wizardry of Water</i>	147
<i>No Such Thing as a Perfect Man</i>	149
<i>Vestiges</i>	151
<i>Tithing</i>	152
<i>Parades</i>	155
<i>The Woe of Weight</i>	157
<i>How Long Will We Live?</i>	159
<i>Carriers on Life’s Sea</i>	160
<i>Whence Came Our Inventions?</i>	162
<i>Pin-headed Pre-Historics</i>	164

	PAGE
<i>It's Barefoot Time Now, Boys and Girls</i>	166
<i>The Most Sensitive Plant on Earth</i>	168
<i>The Miracle of Motherhood</i>	170
<i>It's Kite-flying Time</i>	173
<i>Boys Are Playing Marbles Now</i>	175
<i>Sea Captains Are Silent</i>	178
<i>"Race or Nation"</i>	181
<i>Workers, Fighters, Rulers</i>	183
<i>Golf and Poetry</i>	184
<i>Religious Rip Van Winkles</i>	185
<i>Out of What You Have in Life Make Music, Friend!</i>	186
<i>"Would I Might Rouse the Lincoln in You All!"</i>	189
<i>What Will Live Longer Than a Marble Temple?</i>	190
<i>"They Who Most Impute a Fault—"</i>	192
<i>"And Lincoln Was the Lord of His Event!"</i>	194
<i>Debt and Doubt</i>	195
<i>A Little Way We Have Here in America</i>	197
<i>Ready to Hail True Leaders</i>	199
<i>Five Characteristics of True Greatness</i>	202
<i>The Ancient and Beautiful Things</i>	204
<i>We're Not So Much After All!</i>	206

Book I

**PULPIT PRAYERS AND
DEVOTIONS**

WE THANK THEE FOR THE SOUND OF TRAMPING FEET AT SPRING TIME

Dear God, on this Spring Sabbath morning we hear the far-off sound of tramping caravans and we thank Thee for that sound.

Nearer and nearer these glorious and glowing days we hear that vast army coming.

It is not an army of destruction and hate, but an advancing army of beauty and life and love.

This dawn we hear the sound of the tramping caravans of flowers and growing grass on ten thousand hillsides and in ten thousand fields. We hear trumpet-flowers blowing their bugle notes of advance, summoning the army of Spring to march. We hear the singing of nesting birds from afar, and the sound of baby birds pecking at their shells for sweet release to wing and wind. We hear the sound of robins singing love-notes, and the sound of mother bobolinks at building time. And then, dear God of all this beauty and wonder, we hear the peeping of little birds at twilight.

20 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

In the far skies we hear the caravans from the Southland; Thy Southlands and Thy caravans of song and beauty; guided by thee on unerring trails.

We hear the tramp of ten thousand streams, running full to their banks, bound for the seas and the skies. We hear the streams of sap and the beating tides of blossoming seas, rushing pellmell upon us over night.

We hear the tramping of the mighty winds and the sound of ten billion little feet of apple blossoms hurrying to their rendezvous.

It is all glorious to hear and feel and see and know, before it comes upon us; this marching, marching army of Spring; this Children's Crusade from Thy Holy Land and to Thy Holy Land of Love.

Dear God, we thank Thee for the sound of tramping feet at Springtime. Amen!

OUR LIVES ARE AS FITFUL AS A CLOUDY DAY IN APRIL

Dear Lord of our Lives as fitful as a cloudy day in April, we bless Thee that Thou art constant.

This day in which we here worship is fitful. Now the skies are covered with black clouds. In an hour there is sunshine. The day is fitful like human life.

To-day we are happy and smiling, and to-morrow we are tragedy-stricken and our skies are black, and there is no light. To-day we have our little children and our loved ones in our arms; and to-morrow our arms are as empty as a last year's nest. To-day we are rich and to-morrow we are poor as an unloved child. To-day we are green with spring, and beautiful with blossom; to-morrow we are as stricken and wan as an extinct crater.

Life is like that. It is as fitful as an April day of clouds and showers and sunshine. Now it is dark, and now it is bright with laughter and love.

But we thank Thee that Thou art constant; that Thou art stable; and that there is no fitfulness in Thee. We thank Thee that Thy Church in which we worship is constant, and stable, and confidence-breeding; and that its atmosphere brings poise and peace and prophetic power to our souls. We thank Thee that in a life which is fitful and uncertain, there is "Jesus

22 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Christ, the Same Yesterday, To-day, and For-ever," and that "From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

It is good to think also, dear God, that Thy Bible has stood through the changing and the fitful years unchanged and unharmed amid all of the fitful moods of men about it and with it. It gives us a sense of security and certainty to know that in a fitful world and among fitful men, and in a life that is as fitful as an April day, Thy Book, and Thy Son, and Thy Church and Thyself are sure, steady, everlasting, changeless. Blessings on Thee—and accept our shouted thanks for that. Amen!

DEAR LORD, WE'RE COMING HOME THIS MONTH

Dear Lord of Love and Fatherhood and Brotherhood:

We're coming home this month, for it is Thanksgiving Time; Home-Coming Time.

The leaves have fallen to the ground; the crimson and golden glory has gone from the hills of home, but home is always beautiful whether it is Spring, or Summer, or Fall, or

Winter. Home is always beautiful to go to, for waiting there with glad eyes and welcoming arms, and warm lips, are Mother—Father—Sister—Brother—memories golden—relaxation—friends—neighbors—home—and the little old church where God is. That is what coming home means these days.

We're going home from college at Thanksgiving time, Lord; we're going home to the little town from the big city; we're going from the clang of street-cars to the call of the cattle on the farm; we're going home from steam-radiators to big, friendly, open fireplaces where hickory logs crackle and burn. We're going home from banquets to food, and to love.

It's a glorious month, Lord God of Fatherhood and Brotherhood, because this November is Home-going month, and those of us who cannot go home want to go.

And whether we get home to the old village or not, Lord, we're coming home to Thee this Home-coming month; this Memory-month of November.

“We're coming home, Lord, coming home;
Never more to roam;

24 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Open wide Thine arms of love—
Lord, we're coming home!"

We're coming home to Thy Church and to the altars of Thy Church; we're coming home as little children come, with a shout on our lips, and laughter in our souls; Lord God, we're coming home. Do you hear? We're coming Home Again! Home to Thee! Home! Home! Home! Amen!

WHEN WINTER CAME WE THOUGHT THEE GONE

When Winter came we thought Thee gone forever from us, dear God of our needs!

We looked upon the earth and it was bare. We looked to the trees and they were leafless, save for a scattered leaf here and there, lonely as a lone bird in a Winter sky. We looked for flowers, and there were none anywhere, for they had all died. We looked for violets and buttercups, and the earth could offer us naught but memories and sighs.

Dear God, it's a lonely world in Winter time. The trees are so bare, and the fields are so

cheerless, and the river is so naked. Art Thou gone forever? Wilt Thou never come back to us? Hast Thou forgotten us entirely?

And the answer comes across the Winter fields from Thee; across the lonely ice-bound rivers; across the dead fields; across the empty nests of birds: "Remember the Resurrection Time! The seeds will burst again after a while, and violets will dot the land and dandelions will scatter star-dust everywhere again; and grass will grow. I am not gone. I have not forgotten thee. I am at work getting ready for the Resurrection of Spring. I love thee still!"

That is Thy word, dear Lord, these barren days, and that word heartens our souls and we smile again, and we take new lease on life, and we leap with laughter in our souls and shout the glad news to all humanity that Thou dost still love us like a Father and that Thou art just away preparing the surprise of Spring for us; preparing the glorious event of the Resurrection. Amen! Amen! Amen!

26 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

WE THANK THEE FOR THE SNOW THAT HIDES ALL SCARS

Dear God, the snow has covered every field and fence, and tree and trail, and heart and home, and love and life this Winter's Sabbath morning.

Thy world is beautiful to us this day.

Every tree is a Christmas tree, although Christmas has long since passed us by. It is snowy, blustering March, but the world is full of glorious Christmas trees this morning. Every branch and limb is immaculate with beauty. We awoke to a Fairyland this day, Thy Fairyland of love and light.

The muddy roads and the dead and desolate winter fields are cured of all their ills this morning. Thy snow has hidden every scar and every ugly spot on all the earth.

Like the tides that sweep in from the sea to cover every ugly mudhole and to fill every crevice, so thy tides of snow have come in during the night to hide every ugly spot and to cover every scar on the earth.

So may Thy love to us this day make us immaculate. So may Thy love crown every

life with light, and make every heart a happy Christmas tree. So may Thy love cover every scar in our poor, lonely, devastated lives.

It is dark and gloomy this day overhead, and the clouds are gray with desolation, but it is beautiful on the earth. The white snow is a symbol of Thy white life and Thy white Christ; Thy white promises and Thy white cross. Thou hast not forgotten us, dear Lord, and Thou hast made our world beautiful to-day.

And we thank Thee for that! Amen!

WE SCANNED THY SKIES THIS NIGHT FOR THY STAR

Dear God of Goodness and Greatness and Golden Gates of sunset skies, we have been thinking Christmas thoughts so much of late that to-night when we came to church we scanned Thy skies for the star that shone o'er Bethlehem of Judea. And, suddenly, as we looked—we saw the star. There it was, shining against the horizon to the East leading the way to Thy House. It was the lighted Cross shining on this church of Thine, and through our eyes, misty and blurred with tears of love,

28 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

we thought that the Cross was Thy Star of Bethlehem. A Star at one end of Thy life and a Cross at the other end: Oh, Lord, how glorious! And the star leads to the Cross. Oh, Lord, how great a thought! And the Cross leads to the dawning and to the time when the Morning Stars of Eternal Day sing together. Dear God, we have seen Thy star and have come to Thee this night in Thy house to worship Thee. Hear our prayer. Amen.

OUR BOATS ARE SO SMALL AND THY OCEAN IS SO WIDE!

God of the sea and skies, as the peasant fishermen of Brittany say when they go out to fish: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so large," so do we pray this night: "Keep us, O God; our boats are so small and Thy seas are so wide and so many."

We feel Thy greatness all around us and we are so frail and so needy. We stumble where we go. Our sails catch but a brief breath of Thy great winds and we travel so slowly toward Thee when we would that we traveled as

fast as a flying comet burning its way through the skies.

O God, in the face of Thy great tasks, we are so small, and our feeble efforts so seemingly useless. Help us, O God, Thy challenges are so tremendous and our talents are so tiny. Strengthen us, O God, Thy people are so many and we are but a band of a few; hold Thou our hands. O God, Thy visions are so like the noonday sun that they blind us. Hold Thou Thy hand before our eyes! O God, Thou seemest so mighty; come Thou near to us this night and love us, and let us feel the touch of Thy hand like a Father's. "Keep us, O God; our boats are so small and Thy seas are so wide." Amen!

DEAR GOD, BE THOU OUR SKY

Dear God of all goodness, be Thou our sky! Let us fly like a bird to Thee. Let us find our warmth and light in the sun of that everlasting love about which Thy Book speaks. Let us find the light to our pathway in the light of Thy countenance which shineth brighter than the noonday. Let us find our refreshing

30 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

showers in the clouds of Thy compassion like tears that fall upon us. Dear God of all goodness, be Thou our morning stars that sing together and make beautiful our journeying before the dawn. O God, be Thou our sky, and when night comes into our skies, shower Thy love like a million stars to light the night; and be Thou our dawn at last upon some fairer shore. Dear God of all Goodness and all Greatness, be Thou our sky, so that when we die we may find illimitable heights in which to wing our flights of spiritual searchings. Amen.

FOR THE MOONLIGHT WE BOW OUR HEARTS IN GRATITUDE

O Thou Lord of the Moonlight night, we bring reverent and grateful hearts! We thank Thee for the moonlight falling through trees with shafts of golden glory, lighting up the dark places of the forest of life's night!

We thank Thee for moonlit paths across all the waters of the world which lead us up to glory!

We thank Thee for moonlight on castle walls and for the poet who sang:

“He who would see fair Melrose aright
Must see it by the pale moonlight.”

We thank Thee for memories of moonlight
on lake, river, sea, ruins, mountains and valleys.

We thank Thee for lovers who have walked
moonlit ways through all the years of time from
Youth to Age; for all words of poetry inspired
by the mystic wizardry of the moon!

We thank Thee for all the dreams that Poets,
Prophets, Painters, have dreamed when the
magic wand of a moonlit night has been waved
over their waiting, wistful spirits by Creation’s
God!

We thank Thee for memories of golden
moonlit ways—for the moon that shone on far
Judea and Galilee; on Sinai and Olivet; on
Eden’s Garden and Gethsemane!

O Thou God of moonlit nights and golden
dreams and paths that lead to star-strewn ways,
we lift our songs of prayer this vesper hour!
Amen.

32 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

FOR THY GARDENS, GOD, WE ARE EVER GRATEFUL

Dear God of the world's gardens!

We are ever grateful to Thee!

Thanks be to Thee for the modesty of the violet, and may it teach us humility like unto that of Thy son Christ—Thy most beauteous flower in Thy garden of the world and all worlds!

Thanks be to Thee for the smiling faces of Thy pansies and may they teach us to be ever full of laughter; teach us to smile through rain and storm and tears; through day and dark—and ever cheerful be, as they!

Thanks be to Thee for Thy great, towering sunflower in Thy gardens, God, and may it teach us to reach up and out in spiritual growth; ever lured to higher hopes and heavens by Thy Son, until we too, grow tall and stately through reaching out for Thine other and glorious Son of righteousness!

Thanks be to Thee for Thy flaming red rose and may it teach us that to bleed in crimson streams for brotherhood brings to the human soul Beauty Eternal!

Thanks be to Thee for the old-fashioned gardens our mothers made so long ago, with a wild maze of color; dahlias, peonies, gladioli, morning-glories, hollyhocks; more humble flowers of life, for such must we who pray to Thee forever be!

Thanks be to Thee that Thou art the Gardener in the Gardens of Life, and we have found Thee there in tenderness and care, pruning, plucking, praising, praying, as Thou didst pray in the Garden of Gethsemane, and water with Thy blood and tears all Gardens of God! Amen.

TO THE GOD OF GOLDEN SUNSETS WE
LIFT OUR EYES

Dear God of Golden Sunsets, we lift our eyes to Thee and thank Thee for Thine artistry this evening time in sunset skies!

We have watched Thee at work on Thy sky-canvas with "Brushes of Comet's Hair," and stars to light Thee by; with real Saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and Paul.

Teach us that we too, may have real Saints to draw from; that we also may "splash at a

34 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

ten-league canvas;" that we too "may work for an Age at a sitting and never grow tired at all."

We thank Thee for Thy golden Poppies, symbol of Thy gifts of beauty to us; for golden grain, symbol of Thy care for our material needs; Thou who dost "give us this day our daily bread;" for the golden metals that Thou hast hidden away in the haunting hills.

For golden thoughts and the opportunity for golden deeds; for golden crowns of spiritual conquests which we may wear forever with Thee in Thy Kingdom, we thank Thee! Amen.

FOR THORNS WE REVERENTLY PRAISE THEE

For thorns we praise Thee through our tears, dear God!

For thorns we thank Thee, Christ of the suffering soul and body.

For long nights of ceaseless vigils beside sick children and loved ones; for disappointments and failures over which we triumphed, and through which we reached the stars, our lips are singing with that ancient phrase, "Per

Aspera ad Astra"—through difficulty to the stars.

We thank Thee for thorns of heartaches, and loss, and loneliness.

We thank Thee for thorns, because Thine ancient prophets knew them, and "Blessed are they who wear a crown of them for my sake, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before thee," we hear Thee say.

And we thank Thee for thorns, because Thy servant Paul bore a thorn in his soul—and we know not what it was—and we do not care. It is enough to know that he carried a thorn such as we have known; and such as Thy Son, our Christ, knew on Calvary's Cross.

We thank Thee for thorns because Thy disciples knew them and suffered and died, and because Thine early Church was sustained by men who bore their crowns of thorns.

Through Thine own suffering we have learned that every thorn may have a rose blooming by its side, because through Thy magic the most biting, bitter thorns of loneliness, suffering, disease, defeat, and death, may weave themselves into a crown of flowers forever! Amen.

FOR CRIMSON FLOWERS WE OFFER
THANKS

Dear God of crimson flowers, we offer thanks!

Dear, blessed Gardener of the World, we thank Thee for Thy crimson flowers! For the flame of the forest, for the pent-up light of the blazing sun sent down to earth in tree and leaf and petulant petal, we shout our joy aloud this summer day.

For the geranium with its treasury of fire; the flower that flares its crimson flag along the hedge; for the passionate red rose, its velvet lips, its hot breath of love; for the crimson blossoms of the sunset at vesper time and at dawning; for the blood-red poppy of France, the symbol of sacrifice; for the bleeding beauty of the crimson wounds of our Christ on Calvary; for these blessed crimson flowers of love and sacrifice we thank Thee, and pray Thee that we may learn to wear them all upon the white garments of pure souls forever and for aye! Amen.

O GOD, SHINE ON OUR COLD HEARTS
THIS DAY

Dear God of Light, shine on our cold hearts this day!

The trees are covered with ice, as are some of our lives. Winter blasts have frozen our souls.

But Thy sun has shone across the world this Sabbath morning, and the trees glisten and shine like gleaming stars. The ice on the tree glistens and melts under the warmth of the sun, pouring its eternal rays across the landscape.

So, God, shine on our cold hearts this day and make them sparkle with beauty. Melt our souls to tears and laughter and love. Shine on us and we shall no longer look coldly upon a human being, but shall be melted to sympathy for all mankind.

Shine on us, Thou Sun of Everlasting Love, and we shall glow with a new glory, and we shall glisten with gladness, and we shall leap with light. Amen.

38 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

A PRAYER OF THANKS FOR BLUE SKIES

Dear God of the blue skies!

We thank Thee for the color blue!

We thank Thee for bluebells growing above the snow-line of the Alps, and for bluebells growing "Beside the still waters" of the valley; the one teaching us courage and the other teaching us a beautiful peace.

We thank Thee for the blue waters of Tahoe and Capri, which teach us depth of soul and friendship and love; deeps unsounded and sure.

For blue eyes of love—the blue eyes of a father, a brother, a sister, a mother; husband, wife, child, sweetheart:

"For all the good I know
Was taught me out of two blue eyes
A long time ago."

And for blue Galilee, and the Christ who walked beside its peace and beauty to love and live; and dying, lift us up to blue skies—we raise grateful souls. Amen.

WE THANK THEE THAT WE KNOW IT
ISN'T RAINING RAIN TO-DAY

Dear God of the dark skies:

Thou art God of the dark skies as well as the God of the blue skies and we thank Thee for that, and it gives us comfort.

When Thy skies are blue and bright with sunshine, they are beautiful to us, for we know that Thou dost have a good reason for having them blue and bright and beautiful. And when they are grey and dark, and Thou hast hung a curtain of clouds over them, then we know also that that also is well, for Thou art good and gracious.

Besides, dear God, we remember that one of Thy poets hath told us that

“It isn’t raining rain to-day,
It’s raining daffodils.”

And then, for fear we would not be completely comforted, that poet sang another verse and said:

“It isn’t raining rain to-day,
It’s raining violets.”

40 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Then our own thoughts ran like slanting rain, falling through the night, and it came to us, Lord, like one of Thy sweet miracles, that it isn't raining rain to-day, this rainy Sabbath, this dark gray Sabbath, this dismal Sabbath; but that it is raining green carpets of beautiful grass on a thousand hillsides and fields; that it is raining apple blossoms, and peach bloom; and cherry red, and lilac lavender, and bluebells and buttercups and red poppies, and lovely lupins, and Shasta lilies, and grain, and corn, and plenty; because of Thy love and Thy care for us. Thou hast thought of us, and the rain is singing its testimony that Thou hast thought of us in field and on hill and hillock. Thou hast thought to fill the world with food for us through the rain; Thou hast thought to fill the orchards with fruit for us; and Thou hast thought to fill the fields with flowers for us.

Gracious God, good God, we thank Thee that

“It isn't raining rain to-day,
It's raining violets.”

Amen. So mote it be!

THOU HAST CROWNED OUR DAY WITH
A GOLDEN CROWN

Dear God of Daylight dying:

Thou hast brought our day to a glorious,
golden coronation.

In Thy west a crown of gold has been set
upon the brow of this day and Thou hast by
this token acknowledged this day that it has
been well; that it has pleased thee, that it is
Thine and Divine!

If it had been a wicked day or an unkind
day or a day of lovelessness Thou wouldst not
have crowned it with the golden crown of
Thine approval. Thy hand hath put upon the
western skies and hills the golden scepter of
Thy love and laughter.

So God, we pray Thee that this night Thou
mayest be able to crown all of our days with
golden crowns of glory. May we so live that
when each day has come to sunset, and evening
shadows hover over our homes and our lives,
Thou mayest have the feeling in Thy heart that
we have done well our tasks; that we have
lived so gloriously our days that Thou mayest
honestly crown them with gold.

42 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

And so may we live our lives on the whole, stumbling now and then, mayhap, as befits poor human weakness ; falling at times, but ever with our eyes lifted to Thy skies ; ever hopeful, ever prayerful ; ever true, climbing onward and upward to the horizons ; to see at last the day of our little lives crowned with gold as Thou hast crowned this very day with the gold of sunset's splendor. Amen and amen !

DEAR GOD OF MIRACLES

Dear God of Springtime ; God of Moses ; God of annual Miracles ; we thank Thee for the Burning Bushes of Life that we see these spring days. We thank Thee for the Burning Bush against the mountain side by the Cheat River, that we saw from the train window to-day. We thank Thee for the Burning Bush of a robin's breast ; the Burning Bush of a Baltimore oriole, and a cardinal.

We thank Thee for the Burning Bush of Love that is in our souls ; love that feels the throb of a new awakening these Spring days when sap-streams run through our souls mounting upward to leaf and bud and fruit.

We thank Thee for the bushes of white fire; for the dogwood trees against the green mountain sides these days; the bridal wreaths, that early flame of white purity which makes beautiful the world. We thank Thee for these first white flames of purity and love in Springtime.

But most of all do we thank Thee for the white and crimson flame of Christ and His Cross that lights the world's pathways of night into God's presence. Amen and amen!

“IS IT THE LOVING THING TO DO?”

MAY WE ASK, DEAR GOD

Dear God of love, when we test each deed of human life the coming week, may we ask this one question: “Is it the loving thing to do?”

When anger flushes our cheeks and brows, may we stop and ask, “Is this the loving thing to do?”

When doubt assails our souls and we ponder perplexed as to some action, some deed, some way of going or doing, may we test our purpose by asking our souls: “What is the loving thing to do?”

44 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

When a business problem confronts us, may we take it into the secret places of our minds and hearts and ask: "What is the loving thing to do? Will it hurt a single human being if I make this deal? Will any little children suffer, will any hearts be broken, will any tragedies follow in its wake? What is the loving thing to do?"

This day, this week, this winter, all of this life may we, as Christian people, test our every act, our every dream, our every contact with other human beings in this poor world with this great phrase: "Is it the loving thing to do?" Amen.

A PRAYER OF GRACE BEFORE A MEN'S MEETING

Dear Comrade Christ, we have a place here for Thee at this banquet table, a chair reserved, and a place in our hearts also. Come and sit with us, and sup with us. "Break Thou the Bread of Life" for us, and press to our lips the wine of Thy overflowing presence. Hallow this place with Thy vigorous and Thy tender love, and may we know and feel Thee near in all we

say, and think, and dream. Sit with us, serve with us, partake with us, live with us, and love us, world without end. Amen, amen.

WHERE WE LOOK THOU ART THERE

Dear loving Master of the far away and the near at hand, we love Thee and we know that Thou dost love us overmuch! We have just been singing that old beautiful hymn:

“I look away across the sea
Where mansions are prepared for me.”

We all have the far-away look in our eyes. The hunger for immortality is in our hearts. We are lonely for some of our loved ones who have gone before us. We have a wistful look in our eyes and our hearts to-night, as we peer out across the seas and beyond the stars.

Some day, dear God, it shall be said of us that we, too, like dear Bishop Luccock, have gone where we looked. And when we go where we have for so long been looking and longing and wistfully loving, we know that we shall not only find those who have gone before; but,

46 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

bless God, we shall find Thee, the Christ.
Amen.

STAND THOU OUT IN OUR LIVES, LORD!

Dear Lord of Love, stand Thou out in our lives like the silhouette of a lonely tree against a crimson sunset. Stand Thou out in our lives like a mountain peak against a sky of gold. Stand Thou out in our lives like a silver stream that streaks through a valley of orange trees. Oh, Lord of Love, stand Thou out in our lives like the Cross of Calvary. Be Thou the only God or gods we know and love.

Let the gods of pleasure, selfishness, materialism and pride disappear in the mists of oblivion and stand Thou out like a burning light forever and for aye! Let the half-gods go, Lord of Love and Light; and remain Thou forever in our houses, our churches, our homes, our dreams, our hopes, our ambitions, our loves and lives! Dear Lord of love and light and laughter, stand Thou out in our lives. Amen.

WE'RE LONESOME, LORD!

Dear Lord of Love, we're lonesome folks tonight. We're the lonesomest lads and lasses in the world. We need Thee. We're as lonesome as children at night when father and mother are away. We're as lonesome as boys away at college the first Christmas, far from home. We're as lonesome as a girl whose lover is on the battlefields.

We're so lonesome, Lord; come Thou into our hearts and make us know that Thou art with us forever and a day.

Thou art here, Lord! We feel Thee near. Thou art mother and father and brother and lover to us. Thou fillest our beings with Thyself. Thou meetest our need. We are no longer lonesome, for Thou art come into our lives and we thank Thee this night that we who were so lonesome, the lonesomest folks in the world, are no longer lonesome. Amen.

DEAR GOD, WE GO TO SCHOOL TO THEE!

Dear God of Love:

It is school-going time again. Our babies

48 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

are grown up and we start them off to school, with clean faces and white dresses; with loneliness and pride in our hearts. We watch them go gaily out the front doors of home, and know that they are no longer our babies.

Our young people start off to High School and College, to catch their vision of wider horizons; to meet new experiences, new dreams, and new people. They are crowding the trains these days, leaving home, over valley and hill, east and west, by millions, with thundering feet, going to school again.

It is a glorious time, this school-going time, and it thrills our souls with adventure, dream, and vision.

So God, we who are older grown would go to school to Thee. We would have Thee teach us patience, vision and love. We would have Thee hold our baby hands in Thine and teach us to lisp the A. B. C.'s of life. We would have Thee point us to Thy stars and teach us Thy Heavenly arithmetic. We would have Thee fly to the "uttermost parts of the earth" and teach us Thy Divine geography in that sublime sentence, "Go ye into all the world." Through Thy missions, teach us Thy geogra-

phy. We would go to school to Thee and learn to write. We would watch Thy handwriting on the walls of Time; on canyon walls where glacial pens have left their record, on volcanic valleys where Thou hast left a message; on mountain peak where Thou hast written of Thy beauty and Thy love for us.

Dear God, we would learn love from Thy Christ who died for us. We would go to school to Him also—and to John and Matthew, and Mark and Paul, and Isaiah, and Hosea, and Jeremiah; and Martha and Mary and all the millions who have learned Thy way, and who have gone on to the Better Land with illuminated faces and glowing eyes and staunch hearts. We would go to school to Thee, O God of Love! Amen.

WE'RE COLD, LORD GOD! LET US SNUGGLE UP TO THY WARM HEART!

Dear God of Warmth:

We've been cold—bitterly cold. Our houses are cold and our automobiles are cold, and the world is cold—and some of our hearts are cold.

We would snuggle up to Thee as a kitten

50 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

snuggles up to its mother, as a child snuggles close to its father on a long ride to get warm.

We have been out on the long, long trail, and the winds have blown through us, chill and drear. Night has fallen and found us far from home—blizzards and winds and rains have chilled us—and we need the warmth of Thy love to heat our blood.

The cold winds of pessimism, and criticism, and unkindness, have blown about us, Lord, and we are cold. We want to warm our hearts at Thine altars of burning fire.

The frosts of doubt have assailed the tender green-growing dreams of our souls, and we would gently bring them in and put them close to the fires of Thy heart and warm them.

The hailstones of gossip have assailed the petals of our reputations and our visions, and have left them in shreds, but we bring them all to Thee and we know that under the kindly light of Thy warming love, they will grow again into something beautiful and fruitful.

We are cold, Lord, and we would snuggle up to Thine altars to warm our hearts and to light the fires of our spiritual lives again this blessed Sabbath evening. Amen.

FOR TEARS WE ARE GRATEFUL, GOD OF
LOVE AND LIFE AND LAUGHTER

Dear God of tears, we read in Thy Immortal Book that Rachel wept for her children, for they were not.

We read that Jesus wept over Jerusalem; wept for its sins, its lust, its indifference, its ignorance, its darkness.

We read that Mary wept with joy over her Son; and that that other Mary, Mary Magdalene, wept over her sins.

So, dear God of tears, we pray Thee to break our hearts and make us weep over our sins, for they are many; our sins of social cruelty, our sins of indifference to humanity, to the Church, and to Thee.

Oh, dear God, break our hearts and loose the fountains of tears that we may not dry up in our souls, and our souls become hard and unkind. Stir in us the tears of sympathy for a sick child and a sick world. Awaken our souls, if need be, through suffering and tears!

Tears! Tears! Tears! Tears of laughter, loneliness and love! Tears that sweep us back to Childhood! Tears that loose the suppressed

52 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

emotions and give us Freedom! Tears that release our souls! Tears of joy and tears of sorrow! Tears of Triumph and Truth that stir our hearts! Tears that rush like mountain torrents and wash our souls clean! O Thou God of tears; Thou Son of Man of whom it was said: "Jesus wept!"

Thou Christ of tears, through our weeping we claim kinship with Thee in Thy Kingdom Citizenship forever! Amen.

FOR BREAD, BEAUTY, AND BROTHERHOOD WE PRAISE THEE!

We thank Thee, God, for Bread, Beauty and Brotherhood!

Thou hast given us all of these in abundance, throughout human life.

Bless those who do not have all of this trilogy to make human life complete; and teach us to share each gift—each of these three great gifts—these gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh—with others.

We glorify Thee that Thou hast given us, as Thou didst come to do, an "abundant life" of daily bread; light and heat of home to shelter

us from rain and snow and blustering winds that blow allwheres.

We glorify Thee that Thou hast given us beauty of hill and tree; of lake and sea; of star and flower; of haven and bower; that Thou hast allowed our human eyes to look upon beauty of sculpture, beauty of human form and face, these Divine altars of human grace. But most of all, we thank Thee for beauty of human thought and the heavenly fragrance of the flowering of a baby's soul.

We glorify Thee, dear God, for Brotherhood; that Thou hast given us Brotherhood Houses and Churches of Comradeship over all the lonely earth; that in home, and church, and lodge, there is "Peace among men of good will," through Christ, forever and forever. Amen.

DEAR GOD OF TRAMPS AND OUTCASTS

Dear God, I am a tramp and an outcast this night, with broken shoes, and torn clothes, and a wearied body—shivering in the winter blasts, begging from door to door for material food; and at last aware that what I need, more than all else, is spiritual food. Therefore this win-

54 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

ter night I have knocked at the door of Thy house; of this church, of this place of worship; this sanctuary of rest and peace. I have knocked at Thy door because I heard music and saw light pouring out, and it promised warmth within.

I have come, Lord Jesus, to claim Thy warmth, Thy spiritual food, Thy music, Thy peace, Thy sanctuary, Thy haven, Thy City of Refuge this night. I have come to warm my heart at Thy blessed hearthfires burning on these altars. Lonely, forsaken, ill-clothed, shivering, broken on the wheel of life—I come, I come. And I come, knowing that Thou hast said that whosoever comes and seeks, he shall find; and whosoever knocks, it shall be opened unto him. So come we all of us, Lord Jesus, come like the outcasts we are; lonely, despised, misunderstood, forsaken, all of us, not an exception in this great crowd of rich and poor; all of us outcasts; shivering, lonely; knowing that we need Thee. Take us in; keep us; hold us to Thy heart; bless us; love us! Amen!

DEAR GOD, WE ARE THY FLUTES TO PLAY

Dear God, we hear Thy heavenly flutes this evening as well as this earthly flute the musician plays for us. Thou art the great world flutist. Thou art also a great maker as well as player of beautiful flutes. Thou hast made a flute of the bamboo trees; Thou hast made a flute of the great canyons and then Thou hast brought a storm along to play that flute, or a soft evening wind. Some of us have heard Thee play the flutes of the canyons and we shall never forget that great, stirring music. Thou hast made flutes of bird-throats through which pour heavenly music at dawn and twilight. The skies are Thy flutes and the wind amid the stars plays Divine music—a music that the Psalmist heard and said: "And the morning stars sang together."

Play upon us as flutes of love, dear God, Thou Heavenly and Eternal Musician. We open ourselves to Thee. There are no obstructing sins. No stop is clogged this night. Thy breath breathed through us will find immediate response. Thy lips touched to us will find warmth and love come back to Thee. We want

56 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

to be the perfectly attuned instruments to answer the touch of Thy lips and Thy breath.

Breathe Thou upon us and through us this night. Touch Thou us with Thy Divine lips and play sweet music through us. We open our hearts to Thee with complete abandonment. We vibrate to Thee. We warm to Thee. Thou wilt not find us cold. Play Thou upon us, Thou Great Heavenly Flutist! Amen.

WE THANK THEE THAT THOU HAST FILLED OUR LIVES WITH COLOR

We thank Thee, Lord, for the tapestry of a hundred hues on the hillsides of Fall these days. We thank Thee, that as we ride along the country ways we find Thy reds, and golds, and yellows, and browns, and purple patches splashed everywhere. We thank Thee that the hillsides of Fall are like rich Oriental tapestries. We thank Thee for the crimson beauty and

“The glory that the wood receives
At sunset in its brazen leaves.”

But most of all this night, at this prayer time, we thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast put color

into our lives. There is nothing dull and dead in our lives since Thou hast come into our hearts. Thou hast painted life as rich as a Fall hillside. Thou hast filled our hearts with light and laughter and love. Thou hast come, and since Thou hast come, Life is beautiful with color. Amen.

FOR TRUMPET SOUNDS WE SHOUT OUR THANKS!

Dear Trumpeter of the Skies and Souls, we thank Thee!

We thank Thee for Thy bugle notes, "for trumpet sounds from the hid battlements of Eternity."

For the awakening trumpet notes of dawning; the shouting winds that sweep the canyon deeps of life to rouse our souls from sleep, we thank Thee!

We thank Thee for Thy trumpets which sing: "Arise ye! Arise ye, and get ye up unto Mount Zion!"

For the call to new doing, new living, and new spiritual achievements we thank Thee!

For trumpet sounds that bid us up and on the

58 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

March for God and a more righteous world; for social justice; the march of missions far and wide; we lift singing souls!

For trumpet sounds that arouse us from our lethargy of soul; our listless living; trumpet sounds that shake us awake and make us alert to love and life and living God's way, we thank Thee with abounding gratitude this day.

For trumpet sounds that make us know that "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God!"

For trumpet sounds that urge us to the upward climb to God, though that climb lead to the hill called Calvary, and the sound of "Taps" and a Grand Amen!

FOR BELLS THAT RING WE SING OUR GRATITUDE

Dear God of bells that ring we shout our Hallelujahs.

For memories of church bells across the hills and homes of long ago we lift loving thanks.

Their voices call us even to-day and their beauty haunts us and bids us to worship Thee this holy hour.

We thank Thee for the “Angelus” of Millet and the listening peasants in the fields of France; for their holy pause for prayer amid the meadows of the earth, while their eyes and their souls arose to look upon the meadows of the skies, run riot with stars.

We thank Thee for the bells that call to school and the upward climb to intellectual peaks of new visions, new dreams, new worlds!

We thank Thee for wedding bells, Thou who in the first miracle at Cana of Galilee didst hear them ring. We thank Thee for wedding days and home and children and love that abides by hearth-fires which these bells foretell.

For bluebells and lilies deep with the dews of Heaven, fit cups with which to baptize little children.

For bells that echo amidst the mountains of Switzerland and all lands to call our wandering, wistful souls to worship Thee, we thank Thee God! Amen!

DEAR LORD OF LOVE, WE THANK THEE
FOR SWEET SOUNDS

We have just sung "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ears," dear God, and we thank Thee for that poet because he expressed our feelings about the sound of that dear name in our ears and in our hearts.

And for all sweet sounds we thank Thee, Lord of Love and Laughter.

We thank Thee for the gift of laughter. It is a beautiful sound to our ears which have grown lonely for Youth and romance. We thank Thee for the sound of laughter everywhere in the world: for light frivolous laughter of Youth; for hearty, full-grown and full-blown laughter of manhood. We thank Thee for the quiet laughter of happy hearts about a hearth-fire, and for the laughter of love and and lovers. We thank Thee for the laughter, the quiet and beautiful laughter of a mother as she bends over her new babe at her breast.

And we thank Thee for the sound of a little baby; for its crying, for its cooing, for its laughter, for its breathing. Lord God we thank Thee for all sweet sounds.

We thank Thee for the sound of the winds in the trees, and for the sound of water under a bridge of snow. We thank Thee for the sound of surf and for the soughing of the winds in the canyons. We thank Thee for the sound of birds singing; for the Meadowlark, for the Bobolink, for the Song Sparrow, for the Whippoorwill, for the Nightingale, for the Thrush and Thrasher, for the Lark that soars and sings, for the Cardinal and Oriole.

We thank Thee for the sound of a full-running stream and for the full-flowing tides gurgling into every crevice; and for the music of an inrushing tide.

We thank Thee for the human voice singing. We thank Thee for the memories of our mother's voices singing the old Hymns! singing us to sleep. We thank Thee for the sound of the old hymns any time and anywhere. We thank Thee for the Jenny Linds and the Marion Talleys, and for all those who have dedicated their voices to God.

But most of all we thank Thee for the thought expressed in the beautiful hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ears!" to-night. Amen.

FOR THE ANCIENT AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS WE THANK THEE, GOD

Dear God, we offer thanks for “The ancient and beautiful things” of life.

We thank Thee for the Michael Angelos, and their Davids, their Dawns and Twilights; and for that magnificent “Moses” carved from living white marble.

We thank Thee for that living fire of grace and beauty we call “Venus de Milo,” and for that flaming, leaping, living “Victory of Samothrace.”

For Leonardo’s “Last Supper,” and Raphael’s “Sistine Madonna” and for all Madonnas, and for all “Mona Lisa’s” and for the “Transfiguration” and for “The Last Judgment,” and for all beautiful and human Hoffmann’s Christ pictures; and for Watts and his “Behold I stand at the door and knock;” and for “Hope,” and all the wistful ways of a Watts; for “The ancient and beautiful things” we thank Thee.

And for all of the ancient and beautiful hymns, Folk-songs, Carols, and Spirituals, we offer praise this night.

For the music of a "Break, Break, Break on Thy cold gray stones, O Sea," and for the mystic melody of a "Sunset and the Evening Star"; for a "Divine Comedy" and a "Paradise Regained"; for an "In Memoriam," and for the wistful dream of "The little birds flew east and the little birds flew west," and for the ancient and beautiful things of poetry, drama, and fiction.

For the ruins of ancient beauties; for the Parthenon, for the Acropolis, for ancient Thebes, for the Pyramids; for the Cathedral's splendor, and for all dreams of the past which make architectural dreams of to-day seem like fitful, puny things, we offer grateful hearts!

For the ancient and beautiful dreams of man's hope for and growth in God; for tradition, worship, and prayer; for our Mother's God and our Mother's prayers, for our Mother's Bible and our Mother's religion; for "the ancient and beautiful things" of human life we thank Thee, God. Amen.

Book II
BEATITUDES OF THE
BEAUTIFUL

THE BEATITUDE OF THE BIRDS

Blessed are the birds that soar
For they shall remind us of Him who
Said that "The birds of the air have nests
And the foxes have holes, but the Son of Man
Hath not where to lay his head."
Blessed are the birds that soar, for they
Shall lift the thoughts of men upward;
Upward to the mountain-peaks and white
clouds;
Upward to the blue skies, upward to the shin-
ing stars;
Upward to higher thoughts of the All High
God!
Blessed are the birds that soar!

THE BEATITUDE OF THE PLAINS

Blessed are the plains
For they shall lure us to the limitless;
They are symbols of the sweeping stretch
Of love and all the "Wideness of God's mercy,"
Blessed are the sea-plains, and the sky-plains;
The prairies, and the high plateaus of plenty
For these are the places of God.
Blessed are the afterglows
Of sunsets across the reaching plains
For they are the flowers of Faith;

68 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Blessed are the dawns across the plains,
The starlit nights, the noons and moons;
The tawny flowers of the Sun, the Gopher
Herds like happy children of the Earth;
The sun-burned men and children too;
With far, wide dreamings in their souls.

Blessed are the plains

For they are the symbols of God's "Promised
Land."

They are the Plains of Plenty
And they lead us gently to the Uplands
And to the Plains of Heaven and Home.

A BEATITUDE OF THE FIELDS

Blessed are the fields

For they are the Mothers of flowers

And they have communion with the "Still
waters."

Blessed are the fields

For they are the symbols of the "Abundant
Life"

Which Jesus came to bring to earth;

The fields through which He walked, and loved,
and lived.

Blessed are the green fields and running brooks;
Fields of waving wheat, where shadows pass

And the wind-waves sweep in rhythmic ripple.

Blessed are the fields of France

Where crimson poppies add their glow and
glory

To the memories of sacrifice and blood

Heroic men poured out not long ago.
Blessed are the fields
Where cattle browse at noonday
Under the shadow of spreading trees
For they are the symbols of silence and peace.
Blessed are the fields where trails of boyhood
 led
Through winding ways to happier days
And pools of peace on summer afternoons.
Blessed are the fields
Where men fare forth to sow their seed
In springtime, to wait in confidence
Till God fulfills the Promise of the Earth;
Blessed are the fields,
For they are the Flowering of Faith.

BEATITUDE OF THE GARDENS OF GOD

Blessed are the Gardens of God;
The Garden of God-consciousness, fair Eden;
The Garden of the Promises Fulfilled, the
 Promised Land;
The Garden of Romantic Love enthroned, the
 Songs of Solomon;
The Garden of Tragedy and Triumph, Gethse-
 mane,
And the Garden of Vision and Victory on Pat-
 mos Peak.
Blessed are the Flower Gardens, the stately
 rows of corn;
Blessed are the Gardens that supply us Food
 and Flowers;

70 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Blessed are the Gardens of Faith, the Bible Books;

Blessed are the Gardens of Love in every home
Where little children bloom to bless the Earth;
Blessed are the Gardens of God we call the
Churches,

For here is fertile soil wherein the flowers
Of Love and Faith and Truth may spring to
birth;

Blessed are the Gardens of God
For they are symbols of Peace, Plenty and
Purity.

THE BEATITUDE OF FLOWERS

Blessed are the flowers,

For they are the Flowers of Faith;

Blessed are the Violets, Pansies, Daisies;

Blessed are the Daffodils and Dandelions

For they are the Democracy and Aristocracy
of Nature;

Blessed is "The incense-breath of Mignonette"

The crimson beauty of the royal Rose;

The stately loveliness of the Lily's lips;

Blessed is the Arbutus, the Lilac, the lowly
Bluebell;

Blessed is the Sunflower, warm and friendly;

In its Faith it turns its face to all the God it
knows—the Sun.

And so may we too, learn from flowers

To turn our faces in our Faith, like flowers, to
God.

THE BEATITUDE OF TWILIGHTS

Blessed are the twilights,
For they shall be called the Children of Prayer;
And they shall lead us to the altars of worship;
They shall induce us by their subtle charm
To bow our heads in reverence.

Blessed are the twilights,
The Arizona afterglow, the Alpine glow,
The far light of Sierran peaks, the Vesper
Hour,

The Angelus, the Call to Prayer.

Blessed are the twilights,
The golden twilights,
The twilights of crimson, salmon, pink and
purple;

Blessed are the roses in the sky at evening.

Blessed are the twilights,
For they bring the evening bell, the home-fires
burning across the lea,

The open arms of wife and little children;
The dove that homeward flies to be at rest;

The Hope, and Faith, and Love of lighted win-
dows;

The hour of rest and looking unto God.

Blessed are the twilights on the mountain tops;
Across the rivers and the seas;

Blessed are the twilights and sunsets of the
north,

The south, the east, the west; but most of all,

Blessed are the twilights of Home,

72 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Those which can be seen from our own windows
Across the tops of city roofs;
Blessed are the twilights, for they suggest
Prayer!

BLESSED ARE THE WATERFALLS

Blessed are the waterfalls
For they suggest the gifts of God and the “Life
Abundant,”
Blessed are the waterfalls, for they bring the
melting snows
From the mountain peaks, white and pure.
Blessed are the waterfalls, for they suggest
The tumbling, tumultuous power of the Unseen
and Afar!
Blessed are the waterfalls, for they speak to us
Of “Showers of mercy never ceasing”
And of the God of blue skies and high heights;
The God of white reaches and clean heart!
Blessed are the waterfalls!

A BEATITUDE OF TREES

Blessed are the trees,
Some of which were sturdy giants before
Christ was born.
Blessed are the trees of the earth,
The Sequoias, the Redwoods, the Cedars of
Lebanon;
The Cypress, the “Olive trees that were kind to
Him;”

The Pine—the trees that give us fruit and shelter

From the heat of noonday; the trees that Gave us nests in which to build when boyhood days

Were in their sun-kissed morning.

Blessed are the trees of the Bible,

The Fig tree, the Cypress, the Cedar,

The “Tree of Life” which bringeth forth its fruit

In its season, the leaf of which shall not wither;

Which beareth twelve manner of fruits

Which are for the healing of the nations.

Blessed are the trees;

For they teach us how to pray.

They teach us staunchness of character

And how to bear the beating storms of life,

And how to make our lives bring forth much fruit;

Blessed are the trees, for they shall

Teach us to lift our eyes upward to God!

BLESSED ARE THE GREAT ROCKS

Blessed are the great rocks and bowlders

For they shall remind us of Michael Angelo’s “Moses”

And of myriad granite dreams of sculptured beauty;

And they shall put into our souls “The hint of eternity!”

Blessed are the great rocks and bowlders,

74 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

For they shall teach us courage, strength—and to stand!

Blessed are the rocks of the seashore and of the mountains;

The El Capitans, the Pyramid Peaks and the Shastas;

Blessed are the domes and minarets;

Blessed are the storied strata

Twisted by the fires of Mother Earth;

The strata that tell the story of the past;

Blessed are the glacial tablets which we call the granite peaks.

Blessed are the rocks of the Bible, for we have been told

That in their shadows we shall find rest;

That they shall be to us a God of shelter from “the stormy blast”

Or “like a great rock in a weary land.”

Blessed are the rocks, for they are like The Rock of Gibraltar which we call “The Book;”

Blessed are the great rocks and boulders!

BLESSED ARE THE SAND DUNES

Blessed are the Sand Dunes

For they run to meet the sea with eagerness

And they have iron in their veins and warmth in their hearts;

Blessed are the sand dunes, for they are white and clean

Because they have been washed by the sea and
dried by the sun.

Blessed are the sand dunes, for they teach us
to run

To meet our God with a great eagerness
And they teach us to keep our souls washed
white

For that meeting.

THE BEATITUDE OF THE LAKES

Blessed are the beautiful lakes;
The Hurons, the Chautauquas, the Winonas,
The Michigans, the Georges, the Tahoes;
The Ontarios, the Scargoes, the Pyramids;
The Lake Superiors, the Lake Eries!

Blessed are the lakes, for they mirror the moun-
tains

And teach us that we too may mirror that
which is

Higher than we; the God of Love and Good-
ness;

That we may mirror Him to all the world
In all of His Beauty; just as the lake
Mirrors all the white clouds and the snow-
crowned peaks.

So may we reflect Thee and Thine.

Blessed are the lakes, for they feed the valleys
And give birth to the rivers and brooks
And at last find their way to the great sea.

Blessed are the lakes, for they teach us that
we too

76 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

May we find our wandering way to the great
Father-Heart!

A BEATITUDE OF THE SUN

Blessed is the glowing Sun
For it is the Mother of all energy
And Father of the flaming power
That turns the wheels of Time
And breeds the spawn of all the furnaces
Of Earth, and kindles all the beauty
Burning forth in flower, and leaf, and love.
Blessed is the Sun, for it is Life
And Health, and Hope, and Happiness
For every groping thing that grows on earth!
The tree, the sea, the cloud, the bird;
Each little child that comes to breath
Gets ozone strength and sustenance;
The "little flower in the crannied wall"
The mighty monster of the briny deep;
Leviathan and Lily, both alike are bred
By this same Father, O Majestic Sun,
Thou symbol of the God of Truth and Love!
Blessed art Thou, O Majestic Sun
Of all the things of earth and sky;
Of all material things that live and die;
For thou shalt teach us all to love the more
The Sun of Righteousness, the God of Truth
Who gave to thee, aye, even unto thee, thy
Far-flung birth, thy life and energy, and sus-
tenance!
Blessed is the glowing sun

Whose shadows are the sunsets and the dawns
Which splash in crimson beauty
On the canvas of the sky.

A BEATITUDE OF THE SKIES

Blessed is the sky
Which arches over all the earth
With Love and Laughter in its arms;
Which gives a planet-pathway
To the wandering stars and suns.
Blessed is the sky
Wherein the dews of dawn are born
Wherein the energy of earth is bred;
Wherein the clouds of kindliness are spawned,
And all the Hope of Heaven and Humankind
Is symbolized in Sun, and Star, and Peak of
Phophecy.
Blessed are the arching skies
For they are symbol of the circling arms of
God;
The room and reach of all religious truth;
The hope of every star-aspiring soul;
Blessed are the skies!

THE BEATITUDE OF THE SEAS

Blessed are the seas
The Arctics, the Atlantics, the Pacifics;
Blessed is the Mediterranean, the Black Sea,
The Red Sea, and the deeps thereof;
Blessed is the sea, for it is symbol of the

78 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Width and depth of all God's love for human-kind.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

Blessed is the sea, for it is Mother of the rains
And rivers; the comrade of the sun and sky;
The symbol of all human life;

Its storms, its restlessness, its peace.

Blessed is the Sea of Galilee

Beside which Jesus walked and taught;
Upon whose breast He stilled the waves;
Beside whose waters He, in love and light
His Parables of Truth and Beauty taught
To all the world; from whence he chose
His fisherfolk to lead the world to God.

Blessed are the Seas!

A BEATITUDE FOR MOTHERS

Blessed are all the mothers of the world, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Korean, the African, the Oriental, the Occidental; the black, the white, the yellow and the brown. Mothers of all the earth, for they shall be called the Daughters of God.

Blessed are the mothers of yesterday, for their memories shall be called beautiful and beneficent. They are like flowers growing by sunken gardens and beside still waters and in

green fields, for they are like soft winds that blow with peace and love on wistful wings.

Blessed are the mothers of to-day, for they have the keeping of to-morrow in their hands and in their hearts; and the destiny of nations, hearts and homes.

Blessed are the mothers of to-morrow, for they have been summoned to a great and a heroic hour. For they shall be called the mothers of men, who shall make miracles of human life. The mothers of to-morrow shall breed a race of giants who handle lightning as a little thing, and make the clouds and thunders obey their wills. Blessed are the mothers of to-morrow.

Blessed are the mothers of scientists and statesmen; of laborers and poets; of preachers and prophets; of teachers and dreamers; for dreams and visions and prophecies and the glow and glory of creation is born in the hearts of mothers.

Blessed are the mothers, for they are the conservers of the human race. Blessed are the mothers, for they forced the nomadic tribes to settle in a permanent community in order that the young might be served and saved.

80 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Blessed are the mothers, for they taught barbarian ancestors to grow grains and build shelters. Blessed are the mothers of the world, for they have conserved the spiritual things of life for the sake of their children.

Blessed are the mothers of the earth, for they have combined the practical and the spiritual into one workable way of human life. They have darned little stockings, mended little dresses, washed little faces, and have pointed little eyes to the stars, and little souls to Eternal things. Blessed are the mothers, for they have inspired the poet to sing:

“O Mother, when I think of thee,
’Tis but a step to Calvary.”

Book III

A SERIES OF NEW “TEN
COMMANDMENTS”

A NEW "TEN COMMANDMENTS" FOR THE
CHURCH OF TO-DAY IN ITS RELATIONS
WITH YOUTH

I

Thou shalt not condemn and criticize, but
thou shalt love and fraternize with Youth!

II

Thou shalt not stifle and shackle, but thou
shalt ennable and inspire Youth!

III

Thou shalt not denounce and deny, but thou
shalt win and welcome Youth!

IV

Thou shalt not scold, but thou shalt stimulate
Youth!

V

Thou shalt not crush the soul of Youth by
ridiculing his ambition, by quenching his en-
thusiasms, by suppressing his energies, by

sneering at his dreams simply because thou thyself hath passed the period of dreaming!

VI

Thou shalt not attempt to bluff or bluster Youth!

When cornered in an argument with Youth thou shalt not say, "Thou art too young to understand these profound things. They are too deep for thee. When thou art a Junior, or a Senior, or when thou art gray with years, Thou wilt understand all things!" For in so saying thou foolest only thyself, and thou provokest Youth to laughter.

VII

Thou shalt not assume that Youth is ignorant!

Nor shalt thou look upon Youth as having little to contribute to human life and progress, for thou must remember that the great revolutions, the great missionary movements, the great churches of the earth were dreamed, conceived and brought to birth by boys under thirty. And thou shalt remember that no institution continues to prosper, business or otherwise, which does not take the present and the coming generation into its confidence. And thou shalt also remember that Jesus lived and died while still a Youth, and that he said to the

mothers of little children: "Of such is the Kingdom."

VIII

Thou shalt not charge that Youth is more wicked to-day than in other generations.

He is only more honest in his sins. What other generations did in secret he does openly. What another generation called "spooning" he may call "necking." And about the same proportion of this generation indulges in this "Indoor Sport" as hath indulged in it in other generations.

He doeth in the automobile what another generation hath done in the buggy behind a horse; no more and no less.

Every age hath said from its pulpits that "Youth goeth straight unto damnation and there is no hope!" Old books, old sermons, and old editorials about the sins of Youth cometh down even from the days of Adam unto this day.

IX

Thou shalt not speak negatives and negations at all hours unto Youth!

Thou shalt make thine affirmations many and thy negatives few.

Thou shalt challenge him to DO more often than thou shalt say unto him "DON'T!"

86 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Thou shalt not say unto him: "Don't dance, don't go to theaters, don't play pleasant games, don't laugh aloud, and don't shout with exuberance!"

On the contrary, thou shalt be glad for his joy, his play, and his abandonment to the spirit of happiness; and thou shalt provide a place for his social and his recreational life. Aye, thou shalt provide him a place in which to meet his boy and his girl friends. Thou shalt be glad that love is made within thy walls, and bethrothals consummated; and glad for all that leadeth up thereto. For of such is the Kingdom of Life and Love.

X

And verily thou shalt remember that all Youth is not "Flaming Youth!"

Thou shalt not expect Youth to be sedate and dignified, for neither of these are cardinal virtues and the world hath suffered much already from these false standards. Verily they have no virtue in them.

Thou shalt remember that Youth itself does not accept the phrase "Flaming Youth" as an apt designation of its spirit. Rather it might be called an inquiring, a questioning, a challenging Youth. Also, thou shalt remember that one swallow doth not make a summer; and that though there be alive a small group of Lounge Lizards, of Flask-carrying Crusaders, of

Mama Dolls, of "Flaming Youth," there also are those greater numbers of idealistic and reverent Youth.

Thou shalt remember also that Youth by instinct and psychology loveth Good, and God, and Beauty, and all that is sacred and holy—In His Own Way. And if his way of worship is not in thy traditional mold—remember, O Church of To-day—that it is God's way, and that Youth and God are closer kin than Age and God; and that one Youth of long ago said unto Old Age: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And He went about it IN HIS OWN WAY!

A NEW "TEN COMMANDMENTS" FOR THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY

I

Verily thou shalt remember that sin is "old stuff"; a bad bargain, a reversal of all the upward processes of evolution.

It requires no particular genius to sin, and in all the ages no new sins have been evolved.

Sin hath no place in the program of a generation which calleth a woman a "horse and buggy" who bobbeth not her hair; a generation which boasteth that it is unique, original, and hath broken with all ancient traditions to produce new ways and new days. Verily shalt this generation remember that sin is "old stuff."

II

Thou shalt build no graven image of thyself to worship, O Youth, simply because thou standest, by strange chance, where the world's spotlights focus!

Soil not thy soul by self-worship.

Use thine hour on that vast stage of earth gloriously, or thou wilt hear thine exit cue, and another generation of Youth will take thy call and none will note thine absence.

For Life is a jealous god and leaves no loafers as leaders, nor will Life hearken long to the faith set forth by fakirs.

III

Trust thyself and to thy highest dreams be true!

IV

Thou shalt not fake a faithlessness thou dost not truly feel!

V

Thou shalt not stifle those spiritual impulses of beauty, truth, idealism, reverence, love and God, which from all time have always flowered in Youth.

VI

Remember that thou art "on top of the world," that the earth is thine and the fullness thereof, the world and all that dwell therein.

To-morrow does not belong to thy parents which begat thee, nor to thy teachers who teach thee; but to thee alone, to the Youth of the earth; thou art omnipotent! Thou hast been given dominion over all things!

VII

Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it happy—and not hectic!

For this day was set aside for thee to rest thy body and thy soul. And these things shall rest thee: communion with thy loved ones, God's hills and fields and skies and seas; great books and music; wholesome play to re-create thee, and God's quiet sanctuaries where hymns are sung, prayers are said, and lamps of eternal love are lighted.

Be thou not content with the Sabbath Day that leaves thee weary of body, mind and soul, for thou hast a right to richer rewards.

VIII

Honor thyself and keep thy body and thy bloodstream clean, that the days of thy children may be long and happy in the land which Jehovah thy God hath given thee.

IX

Honor thine elders, but blaze thine own trails, and follow thine own genius, for unto each new generation is given a new earth, a new need, and a new commandment.

X

Above all, remember that although thou despiseth the appellation of "Flaming Youth," that thou surely art the torchbearer from this generation to another, and verily must thou hand on undimmed the light of truth, devotion and idealism—else it be lost in the night!

A NEW "TEN COMMANDMENTS" FOR PREACHERS

I

Thou shalt not be afraid to have thy beliefs criticized and questioned for thereby thou betrayest a lack of confidence in thy particular brand of truth if thou art afraid to have it critically examined.

II

Thou shalt not allow thy soul to grow fat with much flattery!

Because thou art accustomed to pleasant

phrases spoken about thy sermons and thyself, thou shalt not think too highly of thy talents; nor shalt thou make a graven image of thyself, which thou shalt expect people to bow down and worship.

III

Thou shalt not become angry and red-faced because there are those who dare to differ with thee!

Nay verily, thou shalt remember that "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and in thy differences with other men thou shalt be kindly in thy rebuttals, for thou art the representative of Him who was called "The Prince of Peace."

IV

Thou shalt be willing to ride in the jump seat thy share of the time and thou shalt be willing to take second place as the servant of all rather than always to be served.

And thou shalt be willing to stand in line like other mortals for thy tickets to the ball game, and thou shalt not expect favors, railroad passes and discounts.

V

Thou shalt not always expect to be Sir Oracle when thou speakest, but thou shalt learn to listen some of the time!

92 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

For verily, though thine audience shall remain silent when thou speakest in the pulpit, in private conversation thou mayest find that some men may answer thee back, much to thy consternation. And verily thou mayest find it true that others may have something to say. And thou shalt profit greatly, if perchance thou shalt listen.

VI

Thou shalt not be afraid of new truth to add to thine old truth, nor shalt thou be afraid to drop thine old truth if new revelations come.

For truly God hath not revealed Himself in His fullness unto men, but He hath given unto us a continuous revelation through science, nature, and humanity. Aye, God hath given us a new Old Testament and a new New Testament in modern days. And there is much truth yet to be revealed as rapidly as thou art capable of understanding it.

VII

Thou shalt not hate thy brother minister because he believeth not as thou dost believe; nor shalt thou condemn him as a "reed shaken by the wind" because he doeth the work of God differently from thee!

VIII

Thou shalt not isolate thyself from human life!

For verily did thy Master live and loaf with harlots, publicans and sinners.

IX

Thou shalt not be dogmatic and intolerant, but thou shalt respect the personality, the opinion, and the rights of others.

And verily thou shalt not cast from thy church, thy love and thy fellowship, the adulteress, the thief, the failure, the rebel, for in so doing thou hast repudiated Jesus Christ.

X

Above all, thou shalt be intellectually honest and thou shalt reveal and not conceal the truth which hath come to thee.

Thou shalt not believe one thing and speak another thing unto thy people. Thou shalt read great books as well as the Great Book. For verily thou shalt not be able to feed if thou dost not read; nor to lead if thou dost not read; and thou sufferest the likelihood of finding thyself one of the “blind leaders of the blind.” And the last state of thy people shall be worse than the first.

94 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR "DRYS"

I

Thou shalt not assume that all "wets" are morons, idiots, or fools!

It is not proof conclusive that a man is a fool because he honestly disagrees with a "dry." It is conceivable that thousands of honest workingmen, particularly those of European extraction, believe that light wines and beers are as much an inherent right as water and coffee. It also seemeth to be a fact that some college presidents, teachers, preachers, and intellectuals feel that a modification of the Dry Law may be well.

II

Thou shalt not refuse to accept the facts about law enforcement, nor shalt thou refuse to admit that in certain great eastern cities and manufacturing sections it is a failure.

III

Because thou art a "dry," thou shalt not be an ostrich, hiding thy head in the dry sands of the desert and crying out "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

IV

Neither shalt thou allow thyself to be stamped by congressional investigations, wet propaganda, or wet and dry referendums, for thou shalt verily recognize all of these as the Defeatist stage of the enemy, which at this stage in desperation attempteth the great bluff as a last resort.

V

Thou shalt not allow thyself to forget that the open saloon is gone, and that no longer do drunken men lurch in and out of the swinging doors; nor criminals plot in its rear rooms. In spite of Mr. Mencken’s pathetic plea for its return, it seemeth that this strange mystic mourneth alone.

VI

Thou shalt also remember for thy comfort that America hath never betrayed that strange attribute of a crab, the desire to travel backwards. America goeth forward. It will not repeal and it will not modify the prohibition laws.

VII

Thou shalt not allow thine eyes to be hoodwinked into believing that one who is a “wet”

96 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

can be trusted to enforce a dry law. For thus cometh many of the failures in law enforcement, and many of the sneers against the Constitution of the United States of America.

VIII

And verily thou shalt remember that education is the great weapon of law enforcement.

For thereby thou shalt grow up a generation which knoweth not the taste, the smell, or the sight of alcohol.

Just as it was true that Education was the forerunner of the Messianic Prohibition Law, so shall Education be the forerunner of an era of law enforcement, until men shall forget the Dark Ages of Booze and Scofflaws.

IX

Thou shalt remember the story of slavery and prostitution in the United States, and take courage.

Verily it hath been said of old that “human nature is human nature, and slavery and segregation will never die;” but to-day there existeth not a single segregated district in a great American city. Aye verily, hath the old Barbary Coast of San Francisco become a forgotten thing, and it hath faded into oblivion. It gathereth cobwebs and dust unto itself.

X

And verily thou shalt remember that no law is a law until it hath public opinion as its greatest friend.

And thou the “dry” shalt not win public opinion by sneers, by misstatement of facts, by bluffing, by lobbies, by threats, either political or personal; but by Truth, Research, Education and Vigilance; by Faith and Fairness in thy dealings with thine enemies.

NEW “TEN COMMANDMENTS” FOR THIS GENERATION IN ITS ATTITUDE TOWARD MOTHERS

I

Thou shalt not look upon thy mother as a trivial part of thy life, for verily it was she who gave unto thee her blood, and bone, and travail of birth.

II

Thou shalt learn to listen to thy mother’s counsel, for she hath gone over the highway of human life before thee and she hath learned its pitfalls, its perils, and its promises.

Verily shalt thou be a wise daughter and a wise son if thou hast learned to love and listen to thy mother’s unprejudiced advice.

III

Thou shalt not talk to thy mother, O Youth of to-day, in language that hath lost the touch of reverence, for verily when thou standest before thy mother thou art on holy ground, and thou shalt take off thy shoes from thy feet, and thou shalt remember that she is the symbol of sacrifice and suffering.

IV

Thou shalt not scorn thy mother's ways, her memories, her clothes, her worn hands, her wrinkled face, her tears, her prayers; for verily hath she done all for thee; nor hath she lived with any other dream in her body or her soul than that thou shalt prosper and be happy in thy way.

V

Thou shalt take delight in the law of thy mother's love, for verily that Youth who abideth by a mother's law shall prosper, and he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

VI

Thou shalt not forget thy mother when thou goest out into the world to make thine own way!

For verily thou shalt remember that it was thy mother who bore thee, who fed thee at her breast, who cared for thee in thy days of helplessness, who watched over thee in sickness, sorrow and suffering; who taught thee to walk and talk; who led thee forth into the promised land of thine own life, home and dreams. And on this Mother's Day shalt thou remember to send her some kindly remembrance of thy love and of thy appreciation of her years of service to thee, and of her love and loyalty.

VII

Thou shalt be tolerant with thy mother's ways and days. If she painteth not her cheeks like unto thee, or if she faileth to understand why thou shouldst rouge thy lips, or why thou shouldst look upon life with different eyes, thou shalt remember still, that she is thy mother and that she liveth in a different day, but that she still loveth in the same old way.

VIII

Thou shalt be worthy of thy mother's hopes for thee.

When thou shalt face the temptation to be

100 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

unworthy, to live uselessly, to take frivolity for thy faith, gold for thy god, play for thy paradise, thou shalt remember thy mother's hopes for thee; her faith in thee; her pride and her dreams for thee. And verily shalt thou remember that her happiness shall forever live only in thine integrity.

IX

Thou shalt say often unto thy mother: "I love thee!"

For verily there is no loneliness like the loneliness of a lack of love's expression. And verily there is no happiness that cometh unto a mother so great as when a son or daughter hath learned the great lesson taught in that word of Holy Writ: "Thou shalt render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." So verily shalt thou say unto thy mother: "I love thee, and thou hast given me great gifts, and my happiness and my success this day cometh from thee."

X

Thou shalt be wise to abide in thy mother's faith and to acknowledge thy mother's God.

For verily hath thy mother wrought her faith from suffering and living. Thou shalt abide in the shadow of thy mother's Bible, thy mother's prayers, thy mother's church, thy mother's God.

Book IV

PULPIT EDITORIALS WHICH LINK
THE CHURCH WITH HUMAN LIFE

IDEAS AND IDEALS

Victor Hugo says: "Stronger than armies is an idea whose hour has come!"

An English writer recently said: "The ideal is the most potent factor in the determination of character and conduct, for the ideal alone is able to stimulate the will and so to harmonize and organize all of the instincts into one unity. The ideal is that, the attainment of which, produces completeness and self-satisfaction."

Ideas are fine. In fact they are scarce. The man who has an idea is being sought after over all the world. He turns the wheels of commerce. He turns the world up-side-down. Ideas are dynamite.

Before Bishop William A. Quayle's death one day he received a letter from his old comrade and Ecclesiastical friend, Bishop Wm. F. McDowell, of Washington, D. C. Bishop McDowell wrote and said: "I have found a new word." Bishop Quayle, with his usual spirit of fun, wrote back and said: "Dear Willie,

don't pay any attention to getting a new word. What you need is a new idea."

That's what we all need. The world moves on the ball-bearing of ideas.

But an ideal is greater than an idea, yea, than many fine ideas. For an ideal is that something which controls, and harnesses, and guides the destiny of an idea or of a thousand ideas.

The worst criminals on earth are men with ideas and no ideals.

Makers of wars, murders, profiteers, have ideas all right, but they do not have ideals.

"Only a true ideal can lead us to the completeness for which we human beings crave. Ideas are like pebbles which disturb the waves on the shore; IDEALS like the celestial body which dominates the tides!" says Dr. J. A. Hadfield in "Psychology and Morals."

An Ideal is like the great moon which dominates and directs and controls the tides. Ideas are like the pebbles on the shore, which merely make a tiny splash when those tides come sweeping in. Yet even ideas are few and far between. But ideas dominated by Ideals; these

are the forces that may move Heaven and earth.

A DUTCH JANITOR

A Dutch Janitor was the first of the "Microbe Hunters." His name was Anthony Leeuwenhoek, and he ground the first lenses that were ever ground.

Squinting through his home-made lens, he discovered one day that there were little animals in a drop of rain-water, and that they were swimming around like modern mermaids and Annette Kellermans.

This Dutch Janitor, untrained and unlettered, was the first man to grind a lens strong enough to enable man to see microbes. He was the first man to discover that microbes actually exist.

He was a curious fellow, and in between sweeping out the city hall where he was the janitor, he experimented with drops of rain by washing out a wine glass very clean, drying it, and catching rain that had just fallen. He wanted to discover whether those little microbes were in the water when it fell from the sky, or

106 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

whether they got into it after it fell and was exposed to the air. He proved that the microbes did not come down from the sky.

A third thing he discovered was that hot water would kill certain of these little animals.

He was such a curious fellow that he experimented with everything. He discovered that his mouth was full of these little fellows by scraping his teeth and studying the result under his microscope. One morning he drank an unusually hot cup of coffee, and then scraped his teeth, and much to his surprise, he discovered a greatly diminished number of these little fellows in the field of his lens, and those that were there acted as if they had been doped, or had been hit in the head with a club.

He got a hunch that hot coffee had practically ruined most of these little fellows. That was the dim beginnings of the discovery that sterilization will kill germs. And it came from an uneducated and unlettered janitor.

The fact of the matter is that some of the most profound forward movements of history, some of the greatest discoveries of the scientific world, some of the greatest literature of all time, has come to us from those who have

not had a chance at a college training. And the greatest example of this is Lincoln. Lincoln's letters and literature are used in Oxford as the perfect illustrations of great writing.

THOSE FOOLS FOR FACTS

Real scientists used to think that if you put a spider in a circle made up of ground unicorn's horn, that spider couldn't crawl out. Then some doubter, some questioner, put a spider in a circle made of ground unicorn's horn, and the fool spider, not knowing that it was a generally accepted truth that he couldn't crawl out—actually did crawl out, and that theory went overboard.

• • • • •
In "Microbe Hunters" Paul De Kruif, who helped Sinclair Lewis write "Arrowsmith," says that one of the greatest wars in the scientific world was waged over the theory of vegetative force, which meant that life arose spontaneously. "The commonly accepted recipe for getting a swarm of bees was to take a young bullock, kill him by knocking him on the head, then bury him in a standing position with his

horns sticking out. Leave him there a month, then saw off his horns, and out will fly your swarm of bees."

Even such an authority as the English naturalist Ross seriously announced that: "To question that beetles and wasps were generated in cow dung was to question reason, sense and experience."

However, somebody did question it. An Italian scientist by the name of Spallanzani, through a series of clever and accurate experiments, actually proved that swarms of bees did not generate spontaneously in the horns of a bullock, and that beetles and wasps did not generate in cow dung.

Ah, these questioners! What havoc they play with our preconceived notions and superstitions! But what glorious new truths they reveal to us! Thank God for the questioners and the doubters; for these men from Missouri who have to be shown.

Vegetative force made Eve grow out of Adam's rib. It was this Vegetative Force that gave rise to a remarkable worm-tree in China, says De Kruif, "which is a worm-tree in win-

ter, and then, marvelous to say, turns into Vegetative Force in the Summer."

Even in our day it is hard to down the belief that little frogs fall in the spring showers from the clouds. That belief persists.

All of these fool questioners, these doubters, will not let us alone in our ignorance. They persist in looking through their microscopes for facts.

They are fools for facts.

Then some morning they shake us awake by announcing that, in the place of our ignorance and our superstitions, they have discovered a great scientific truth; a law that governs microbes. They discover that by injecting just a little typhoid fever into our veins they can keep us from having a serious typhoid case. That strange law they call Immunity from dangerous diseases. That law came about because some doubter, some questioner, came along and refused to accept the superstition that swarms of bees generate spontaneously in the horns of a month dead bullock.

We should be grateful to these Doubters.

We should crown with gold these fools for facts.

CONDUCT AND CALORIES

Did you shovel in enough calories this morning?

You shoveled in enough coal into the furnace, no doubt. You shook down the ashes, you opened up the drafts. You cleaned out the clinkers. You took care about that.

You wouldn't think of starting down town, if your gauge showed that you were out of gasoline in your automobile. You are religiously careful about seeing that your car gets enough oil. You take it to a garage when it knocks, for that means that waste carbon has gathered in the cylinders. You know that that car needs to have plenty of water. You would as soon think of letting the batteries go dry as you would think of starving your baby.

Do you look after your body-engine half as well?

Most of us expect that engine we call the human body to go on, year after year, with a neglect that would ruin an automobile or a furnace in a few months. We break down prematurely. We lose our zip and snap. We notice a poor pick-up, a sluggish feed, a carbon

knock; but we pay no attention to it. If we noticed these same evidences of trouble in our automobiles we would be nervous all day until we got that car to a garage or overhauled it ourselves. There is nothing the average man gets nervous about so quickly as a slight rattle or knock in his automobile. Most of us even have nerves over a squeak in the automobile body. The automobile industry every year develops something new to take the squeak out of a car with facility.

Normal human beings store in the muscles of the body about 1,200 calories of energy. We need so much energy to run our bodies. As Dr. Dorsey says, "A lumberjack expends more energy than a lounge-lizard."

If we burn up that 1,200 calories which is stored up in our body we get as much energy as it would take to lift a hundred tons to a height of three feet.

Even if we are doing nothing, just lying down all day, we need 1,700 calories a day, or enough energy to lift two hundred tons one foot.

It takes energy to digest a meal—170 calories, to be exact.

It takes energy even to read. Ten calories for two hours.

It takes energy to walk or play golf. For a five mile walk or two hours at golf, you will have to add 300 calories to your fuel supply.

Even to sit for five hours in a swivel chair, it will be necessary to see that your engine gets an extra 250 calories.

What's it all about? Why an editorial on it at all?

This is what it all means: The science of eating, the science of taking care of this engine that we call the body and the brain, is ten million times more important than that of caring for our automobile batteries, our furnaces, and our automobile engines, and yet we give it practically no attention.

Facts are available. Books are being published these days which give us the facts about Diet, and Food, and Health and Happiness.

Conduct and Calories? What connection have they? Why this Juxtaposition?

Because conduct is largely determined by calories.

If a human engine is not taking on enough calories it runs slowly. If the engine is not

kept free of slag and carbon, it knocks, and wheezes and groans. It is more in need of attention than the furnace.

Let's look after our body-engines as well as we do after our furnace, our batteries, and our automobile engines.

BOMBARDMENTS OF ELECTRONS

One day in the General Electrical Laboratories, an insignificant looking man was playing with lightning.

He worked like this: He would first place a little glass of the spores of deadly germs on a table. Then he would turn on an electrical current. There would be a flash like the light of a falling star. There would be a burning path of light between the arc which he was manipulating, and that path of light, which was really a path of bombarding electrons, would remain for five minutes.

When that scientist turned off the bombardment of electrons, he would pick up that glass of deadly disease germs and swallow them with impunity. Why? Because he had killed them with his bombardment of electrons.

Then he took a large piece of crystal. It was as large as a man's head. He turned that bombardment of electrons on for a few minutes, and the glass began to glow with a strange radiance. After five minutes it was as red as if it had been in a furnace. When he turned off the electrons, the glass was glowing like a star, but it did not have a bit of heat in it. The experimenter picked it up and it did not burn his hand.

He said to a visitor: "We are on the verge of one of the greatest discoveries ever made. We know that if we can split an electron we will find enough force in that single split electron to lift the Earth to Mars and back. We do not know what that bombardment of electrons does, or how it does it. But we do know that it changes the electrons, and makes that hunk of common glass glow with light."

There are some bombardments that make human lives glow with a new light and a new glory.

Children glow under the bombardment of love. So do adults.

Children glow under the bombardment of appreciation from their mothers and fathers

and teachers. So do husbands glow under the bombardments of appreciation from their wives—and vice versa.

Men glow in their lives under the thrill of adventure.

Creation of poetry, invention, and achievement of every type make the souls of men to glow with a strange and beautiful light.

The souls of men glow under the bombardment of great ideas which come from the Dynamos of great books, great and heroic deeds, great dreams and visions.

ATMOSPHERE

We hear a lot of talk about "Atmosphere" these days.

We say, "He didn't have the right atmosphere about him." We talk about "an atmosphere of culture," or "an atmosphere that will produce criminals."

Few of us know that if it had not been for the atmosphere of the Hydrogen Furnace we would never have had electric lights in their present efficiency; and that we would not have had such a rapid development of the Radio.

116 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Tungsten was always a basic metal. But it was never possible to work with it and to use it. Then along came the Hydrogen Furnace. It burns slowly, with a flickering, greenish light. It is not intensely hot, but it has a certain distinct atmosphere of its own. In this so-called "atmosphere" and in this alone is it possible to work with and to handle tungsten. It was the atmosphere of this Hydrogen Furnace that made possible the modern tungsten lamp, the X-ray development, and the Radio.

It is just as important that children and men be put in the right atmosphere for development.

Certain homes have a certain atmosphere. There is a quiet repose, culture, and beauty there. A child developing under that atmosphere will find it impossible to escape culture, repose and quiet.

The opposite is true.

What some writer has called "The Hereditary Fiends" must admit that the right atmosphere, or the lack of that atmosphere, will make or ruin a child.

Another word for atmosphere is environment. Even men in factories work better with

the right atmosphere surrounding them. Modern manufacturers have learned to make the rooms in which men work all day long clean and comfortable. White enamel, white paint, and clean corners have revolutionized the attitude of men toward their work.

Give even a rough boy a beautiful room in which to attend school, a beautiful desk, good furniture, and he will keep it that way. He respects his surroundings if they are beautiful, but he will make them worse if they are ugly.

It was said of Julia Ward Howe's husband that he "carried about with him an air of freedom."

The Duke of Wellington had a dangerous task for one of his soldiers to perform. The soldier was about to start off when he approached his chief, saluted, and said: "First give me a grip of your conquering hand."

He wanted to imbibe some of the courage and fearlessness of the Duke of Wellington.

Writers can write only under a certain atmosphere. Inventors work better in the silence of the night alone, as is evidenced by Edison.

118 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

An atmosphere of peace, quiet, repose, dignity, love and affection in a home or a business will grow better souls.

MILK BOTTLES AND MONOTONY

We go to bed at night and get up in the morning, and our Milk Bottles are standing on the back porch waiting for us.

Fifty years ago we got up at five o'clock, dressed in the cold, shivering as we dressed, went out to the barn, knocked ice from the buckets, primed the old iron pump with hastily heated hot water, and milked the cows before breakfast. We worked for our milk then. Now it is brought to us. That is monotony.

Fifty years ago when we wanted news we waited for the mail. We hitched up the old horse to a wagon and drove twenty miles to the county seat. We waited half a day until the mail was in. We got a weekly paper. We drove back home. In winter time we were often weeks without news.

To-day we reach out, turn a little screw, and the news of the world is handed to us on a golden platter. We turn that little screw again,

and the Metropolitan Opera Singer is brought to our ears. We turn it again and listen in on what President Coolidge has to say to us. We hear a thud on the porch, and the newsboy has tossed the news of the world to us. Just as the milkman brought our milk to the back porch, so the newsboy brought the news of the world to our front porch, while the news of the world over the Radio bangs its way through the very walls of our homes, it is so eager to get to us.

Even our religious services, with sermons from the greatest preachers in the world, are being brought to us now.

We used to have to go and get these things. We used to have to cut down trees and build our own homes. We used to have to get up in the cold rooms with frost-covered windows, zero temperatures, and it was a matter of fighting, and toiling, and achieving, if we wanted warmth, and fire, and food.

Now we awaken and lazily roll over in bed. Down in the cellar there is an automatic thermostat. It turns on the fire automatically for us. The house is kept at a set temperature. Everything is warm when we arise. It is all

120 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

done for us. We do little. We achieve little.

There is no romance, there is no sense of achievement, there is no conquest. There is no conquering in such an experience as having the milk left on the back porch every morning.

And if there is "no quest, there is no conquest."

This editorial might have been headed "Struggle and Strength," for no strength comes unless there is a struggle. Wings are made stronger through flying; legs are strengthened through climbing; hearts are made valiant through achievement.

If we had everything brought to us on golden platters, we must find some substitute for struggle. We must fight or die! We must work or waste!

"Labor is life;
'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth.
Keep the watch wound or the dark rust assaileth."

EAGLES AND OYSTERS

There is a difference.

The Oyster lives at the bottom of the sea,
and the Eagle lives at the top of the sky.

The Oyster lives in a shell and he shuts himself in forever. He is the most unsocial creature on earth. He doesn't like to be disturbed by others. He is a true isolationist. He is the perfect hermit. He is the softest, most flabby individual that we know. He never uses his muscles, and he is so soft that, when we want a figure of speech to describe flabbiness of body and soul, we use the Oyster.

Some people are like Oysters. They shut themselves up in their homes and deny themselves to others. They have no friends. They have no social life. They take no physical exercise and they wonder why they get flabby of body and flabby of soul.

They allow no new ideas to penetrate their shells of reserve. Ideas irritate them. They shut their souls to ideas. But even there they might learn a lesson from the Oyster. When something penetrates the shut shell of an Oyster, it irritates, but it makes a Pearl. Ideas

are like that when they enter into an isolated soul's armor. Ideas irritate, but they form Pearls just the same.

Consider the magnificent Eagle. He soars. He uses his wings. He builds brawny muscles. He sails into the sun, unblinking. He rests on the Sequoia tops, his talons tightening about a branch. He feels the beats of storms. He braces his body to buffet those winds. He feels a thrill of life in every feather. He likes to fight the winds and storms. He likes the blaze of the sun in his eyes. He likes the tumultuous, turbulent, tossing of the trees.

There are Eagles among human beings.

Eagle-men like to fight storms. They like to use their wings. They grow through struggle. They soar to the heights and have the viewpoint of distance, and wide horizons. Eagle-men are of an Eagle-brood. Such men live and laugh and love on the heights. They have world-view-points. They think in world-thoughts. They read great books. They are citizens of the skies. Flammarion said, just before he died, "Astronomy's greatest contribution to mankind is that it has made human beings citizens of the skies."

Eagle-men are citizens of the skies. Their children are not soft and pampered. Their children grow through battle. Such children do not become soft like Oysters but hard like Eagles.

Are we producing a breed of Oysters or Eagles in the United States to-day? Are we making life too easy for our children, giving them no responsibilities, no hardships, no work to do? If we are, we are breeding Oyster-traits rather than Eagle-traits in our children.

Youth ought to know battle, hardships, and muscle-making and soul-saving struggle if it develops Eagle-wings, and Eagle-view-points, and Eagle-souls, to face the blazing sun.

Eagles or Oysters? There is a thought there in that Juxtaposition.

EAGER TO ENNOBLE LIFE

Some writer says of Luther Burbank that "He is eager to ennable life."

One does not need to know about a man's theology, nor does he need to agree with that theology. If he knows that a man like Burbank lives, "eager to ennable life." That is

124 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

enough to know about him. It is a good test for a man.

It is a good test for us to apply to our own lives. Are we "eager to ennable life"?

Do we live in a little town? Is it a typical "Main Street"? Does it seem that we are doomed to remain in that little town to the end? Is it trying to our souls to live there? What is the way out? It is to get into one's heart the full meaning of this phrase, "Eager to ennable life," and before long we may remake that little town. Many a man, and many a woman, has made over his little home town because he was "eager to ennable life," and has been called blessed forever.

Many an invalid has lived a gloriously happy and helpful life although condemned to lie, a human wreck, on a bed or in a wheel chair. How? Because that invalid—and most of us have seen many of them—has learned the secret of that phrase, and has become "eager to ennable life."

Children often grow up with that spirit inculcated into their souls. They are always happy children. People love them. They win everybody. They go about wistfully, always

eager to help, always eager to serve, always making friends, always smiling.

A recent book called "Microbe Hunters" tells the dramatic story of Spallanzani, Pasteur, Roux and Behring, Metchnikoff, Theobald Smith, Bruce, Walter Read and Paul Ehrlich, scientists who devoted their lives to a study of germs and microbes; discovering them, isolating them, fighting them, developing antitoxins and serums, conquering diphtheria, rabies, smallpox, scarlet fever, anthrax; learning how to immune animals and human beings from the ravages of these terrible diseases. These men, consciously or unconsciously, have been men who were able to meet the test of this great phrase.

Men who paint great pictures, write great poems, preach great sermons, live great lives before their fellowmen are "eager to ennoble life." Business men who have at the heart of their ambitions, at the souls of their industry, as the motive of their toil and building, the desire to serve humanity, may well test their lives with this phrase.

Lincoln said as much in these words: "I have not done much, but this have I done—

wherever I have found a thistle growing I have tried to pluck it up, and in its place I have planted a flower."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

Conversation as an art is dying out in these United States.

The newspaper is too much with us, with its cheap and blatant phraseology. We live too much with comic strips, jazz music, and cheap talk, to enjoy and achieve conversation in the sense that Johnson, Carlyle, and Tennyson used to enjoy—just talking.

Listen to the average conversation in a smoking room on a Pullman car any day if you want to know how degenerate conversation has become in America.

It is frequently vulgar; it is always inane; it is too often stupid. It is always small-town business talk from so-called big-town men. These are men who think they are big-town men, and who have a very superior attitude towards the inhabitants of the small towns which they "make" every month, and where they sell their products.

"Conversation is about all there is to a man. Listen to him long enough and you will know what he is by what he says in his conversation," a great man used to say.

Naturally. If a man lives in the stars in his thought world, before long he will be talking about the stars. If he lives in books he will be talking about books. If he lives with pictures in his soul, he will be talking pictures. If he lives with great thoughts, he will be pouring forth great thoughts.

But if he lives with wheels all the time he will talk about wheels. If his entire life is made up of selling coats and shoes and machinery, that will be the sum total of his talk.

No wonder Sinclair Lewis complains about our conversational powers. He indicts us because we have lost the art of conversation. His explanation of why we have lost this art is that we have nothing to talk about, and that is a deplorable state to be in. In the old days when a pioneer came in, he had been waylaid by Indians and had shot his way through to safety. Or he had killed a bear. Or he had fallen into a swollen river, or he had been out on the

trail for a week. He had something to talk about. Something had happened to him.

To-day we sit at a ball game and watch. We do not take a part in it. We read about things happening, but we have no part in making them happen. We do not read great books of great adventures. Consequently we have nothing to talk about, and the art of conversation is dying out.

We seldom sit at home for an evening. Our libraries are the most deserted rooms in our homes, if there are even any pretenses at having libraries. We know no repose. We fly with a strange nervousness from one motion picture to another, from one social engagement to another, from one noonday lunch club to another.

We sing to order, we shout to order, we listen to canned oratory. We take our education and our culture in capsules, and we do not create. We do not achieve! We watch others achieving for us on the screen, and in human activities; but we do nothing, and therefore we have nothing to talk about.

The Art of Conversation will come back

again only when we begin to achieve, and when we have something happen to us.

BRAINS AND BEAUTY

Have women more brains than men?
Is that common American slang expression,
"Beautiful but dumb," fair to women?

A recent scientist says that the average weight of the average male European brain is 1,375 grams, for females about 1,235. The largest woman's brain that Science has ever recorded is only 1,742 grams, and she was insane and died of tuberculosis. The third largest woman's brain weighed 1,580 grams and she was insane. The brain of Turgenev, the Russian novelist, weighed 2,012 grams.

But that means nothing, for the weight of a brain does not determine the intelligence. If it did we could easily decide that woman was inferior to man, for the average woman's brain is smaller than the average man's brain.

However, there are some things that we can count as certain.

Woman fought for the ballot. She is not using it. She is neglecting that privilege for

which she fought long and valiantly. The chase achieved, she began to lose interest. She has not helped the political situation. If she does not wake up and use the ballot she has betrayed a sacred trust.

Edward Bok tells us of his long losing battle to free the woman of America from her vassalage to fashion as it is set by Paris and Europe. He was told by wiser heads that American women would not care to break free from Paris. He was told that the American woman would not originate her own gowns.

He learned that those who warned him were right. The American woman is still a slave to Paris and still follows the leadership of the French dressmakers.

Mr. Bok even had a disappointment in trying to get American women to quit using birds and bird-feathers in their hats. He pictured the death of countless millions of birds. It did not make any impression on American women. They went right on wearing feathers and birds in their hats when they could get them.

The average American woman to-day wears clothes so thin that a mere male would come home with pneumonia if he dressed that thinly

on a zero day, but in July we see her adorn herself with the furs that animals shed when summer comes, and it is a common sight on a July night, when men are burning up, to see a well-dressed woman with a fur about her neck.

Is "Beautiful but dumb" a fair expression?

Who knows? Who dares to decide? Certainly not a mere editor, even though he can hide behind the well-buttressed walls of editorial security.

However the above facts are interesting to consider, and they will particularly appeal to the male portion of our readers.

What is the answer? Perhaps our readers can tell us.

PRIMING THE PUMP

Do you remember the days of long ago when it was necessary to prime the old-fashioned pump in the back yard before it would start?

We took a bucket of water that was always left over for that purpose, poured it down into the pump and wielded the pump-handle with great vigor until a full stream of water began to flow.

Most writers tell us that they have to prime their pumps before the flow of ideas starts. One writer says that he goes to his desk, and sometimes sits for an hour before he gets a thought, but he finds that, if he writes a letter to a friend, or copies a poem, or just hammers away at his typewriter in an imaginary communication to Mars, pretty soon the thoughts begin to flow and he is ready for a day's work.

Most of us find that we have to have the pump of personality primed with something. A friend drops in and spends a few chatty minutes and we feel new energies throbbing through our brains. We attend a noon-day lunch club, and ideas start. We pick up a great book and read a few sentences, and before we know it the streams of pure thought are flowing freely. We see a boy playing in the street, flying his kite, knuckling his marbles, and our thoughts begin to flow out.

Our bodies need to be primed even. A drink of warm water the first thing in the morning; a few simple exercises, not too violent; a look into the Bible, if only a sentence or two; a word of Family Prayer; a smile for the children; and a word of affection for wife or husband.

A man enters his office and finds it full of grouchy people. That office needs the priming of a smile, a cheery word—not Pollyanna prettiness—but friendly, fraternal fun. That simple priming will start the streams of good will and happiness to flowing in that office at once.

This editor knows a woman in a little town who reads an hour in some great book every morning before she does any of the house-work. That may sound foolish but it works. That woman is the most poised, cheerful, and useful woman in that little town. She has remade the thought of that town, because she has that hour of communion with the great minds of all time every morning.

We have a great fad for Setting Up Exercises these days. They are good. Every physician will say that even the body needs a start in the morning. It ought not to be thrown into full gear at once. The sap ought to be started slowly. The body ought to be primed. Too strenuous exercise is worse than none.

We ought to get the habit here in America of putting into effect some mental and spiritual setting-up exercises also every morning.

We ought to prime our bodies!

We ought to prime our minds!
We ought to prime our dispositions!
We ought to prime our homes with laughter,
love and light!

BUMPS AND BLESSINGS

Men are often Kicked into their Kingdoms.
Bumps are often blessings.

A while ago a writer of dog stories—Ternhune—in the *American Magazine* told a story of what “Bumps” had done for him. He told of how, when a boy, he had decided to level the bumps on the road where he sled-rode. His father told him that bumps were for a good purpose; that they gave the horses a foothold; that they ran the water off to the side of the road instead of washing the road away when a heavy rain came.

Carl Harriman tells of how he was fired from the *Detroit Free Press* one morning and thought it was the greatest calamity that had ever come to him—but that in a few months he was Managing Editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*. Being fired from the *Free Press* was the best thing that ever happened to him.

Many a man has worked for years with one firm and has gotten into a rut. He gets discharged and thinks that the end of the world has come. The experience shakes his soul awake, and in a few months he discovers that that shake-up was the best thing that ever happened to him.

He was Kicked into his Kingdom and into a new life and into a new development.

Saul had that experience on the road to Damascus. He was literally kicked into a new Kingdom. He was knocked down and shaken awake and became a new man.

William Allen White says in his book on President Coolidge:

“Of course some seismic event may transform him. He may go upon a journey where he shall see a ‘Great Light’ and a Voice may call him ‘Saul, Saul.’ Cataclysmic regeneration is not impossible; but it is unusual.”

Often bumps, disappointments, tragedies, act upon men as seismic upheavals. An earthquake in Italy once destroyed the vineyards but opened up a vein of gold. Earthquakes often do this.

WHAT ARE THE OLDEST LIVING THINGS ON EARTH?

The Temple of Heaven in Pekin, China, was there when Europe was a howling wilderness of savages.

Two million years ago according to MacMillan, the explorer, gigantic Sequoia trees were growing around the north pole in a tropical region.

The remains of these Sequoia trees are now being found in these polar regions.

Which leads us to say that the oldest living things on earth are the Sequoia trees of California.

When the Temple of Heaven was dust and mud these Sequoia trees were seedlings. When Moses was navigating the bullrushes in Egypt these Sequoias were young giants reaching their aspiring arms out to play with the hills. When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, these Sequoia trees of California were gigantic, hoary-headed patriarchs, lifting their arms in stately dignity to play with the clouds of the skies.

When the great glaciers had shunted them-

selves back, and had melted away, the first thing that began to grow on this earth was a Sequoia tree.

Europe may boast of its older civilization; and the Oriental world may look upon America as a child among the nations of the earth. But we do have the unique distinction of having the Sequoias, which are said by Science to be the oldest living things on the face of the planet.

CONSTRUCTIVE CHAOS

If any Iowa farmer had been living during the Glacial Period when the great ice-floes were sweeping down across this continent, and had seen the chaos and destruction, he would have complained immediately of the Government. He would have said that there was no order, and that there was no sense to all of the cold and ice and waste.

But if that Iowa farmer would ask any scientist to-day, that scientist would tell him that the reason why his farm soil is so rich and black is because the glaciers, like huge plows, carried down from the tropical regions of the north in the Glacial Period, great masses of loam and

138 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

black soil. Even then, amid what seemed to be disorderly chaos, the great forces of the Universe were not only carving out our Grand Canyons and our Yosemites and our beautiful Glacial Meadows and our Lake Tahoes; but they were carrying down across our western states thick deposits of black soil to enrich the lives of the men and women and children of to-day. There was order in that chaos. That was a constructive chaos.

If any human being had been an observer of the first great chaos of the earth, he would have said that the Divine ruling of the Universe was a farce; that there was no order and no unity and no evident purpose.

Were there not great forests falling and rotting in waste? Were there not beautiful flowers and ferns as large as trees rotting through the centuries, with no purpose and no order? There were. It looked bad for an intelligent running of this poor old world.

But to-day we get our light, our heat, our coal, our diamonds, our oil and gasoline to run our motor cars and our factories, out of that chaos, out of that seeming disorder. After all,

it looks as if there had been a plan and a purpose from the very beginning.

It took a long time to see that purpose. The Glacial Period didn't seem to have much reason for being. But out of both of these periods of chaos seems to have come a great purpose. It may be that to-day we are in the midst of a chaos that is constructive.

“NONE OF THE COOLIDGES EVER WENT WEST”

William Allen White's book on Calvin Coolidge might well have selected this phrase as a text. That phrase runs like a sermon-text all through the book.

That is why they call him “Cautious Cal.”

Mr. White says: “There you have it—a congenital lack of initiative. So he is not strong as a leader of men, but as an administrator.”

President Coolidge never would have pioneered new lands. He never would have gone “Beyond the edge of cultivation.” He never would have opened new trails.

140 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

If there was once a Puritan strain in him it died out long ago. He is contented with the Status Quo—whatever that is. He is no Roosevelt. He is no Wilson. But even Mr. White decides that he is the man for the hour.

The nation is tired of adventure, and bustle and confusion. It wants no more buccaneering. It wants peace, and quiet. It wants business to have a chance. For the time being Mr. Coolidge seems to be the kind of a man the nation desires to have for its President, and if that is the kind of a man the nation likes, that is the kind of a man it likes.

If the reader has not read Mr. White's book it is summed up in a few words. This Kansas editor, who has recently taken to summing up our Presidents for us—including Wilson, Coolidge—and a book to come on Roosevelt, says that Coolidge is a Cross-word Puzzle and that the words that describe him are:

1. Silence. "He was weaned on a clothespin."
2. Economy. He was given a three-cent piece by his recently deceased father at one time with the sage advice: "Now don't spend it all foolishly."

3. Caution. "None of the Coolidges ever went west."

4. Idealism. He has never made money. He has always served.

5. Sincerity. "He couldn't pose any more than he could babble."

6. Humility. "He never claimed as much as he did, and so got credit for doing more than any human could do. Humanity is that way. Thus the superman myth arose! 'Blessed be the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'"

Average, everyday, reliable, sincere, cautious, humble even if "None of the Coolidges ever went west."

CHANCE—AND THE COOLIDGE CAREER

Chance changes careers over night.

Another word for it is luck.

The lazy-minded always account for unusual success by saying, "He was lucky," or "It was a matter of chance." They said that always about Roosevelt. They even said it about Lincoln. They probably said it about Moses.

The Coolidge career looks like "Chance." The Boston Police Strike, with which he had

little to do in the settlement, and with which he claimed little—gave him his so-called chance to attract the attention of the nation.

They tried to shunt him aside into the Vice-presidency, as they did Roosevelt, and they succeeded—until “Chance” came along. Overnight he, like Roosevelt, was President.

We are not concerned with the politics of Coolidge, nor are we pronouncing judgment either way on his incumbency. We are talking about “Chance.”

Pasteur says, “In the realm of Science chance favors the trained mind.”

Chance may enter, but it favors the man who is ready for it, either in politics, or industry, or science.

William Allen White says of this accusation that a Coolidge came by “Chance” into his career: “Calvin Coolidge is an enigma, not an accident. In every career chance enters. But in no career that takes a man gradually to the world’s place of greatest power does chance govern.”

Then he calls our eyes to the fact that out of twenty times that Coolidge has gone before the voters of America for office, nineteen times has

he been elected. Harding ran seven times and lost but once. Wilson ran and won three times; Roosevelt six out of eight; McKinley eleven out of fourteen; Cleveland five out of seven; Harrison two out of three.

It was not "Chance" that elected Calvin Coolidge nineteen out of twenty times.

The man who believes that the Coolidge career is accounted for by chance will get little comfort. "Luck" is not a reliable mistress.

THE LEAP OF LIFE

No, this is not a daredevil motion picture stunt.

Science informs us that protoplasm, which is the life of life, is 72 per cent oxygen, 13.5 per cent carbon, 9.1 per cent hydrogen, and 2.5 per cent nitrogen. The rest of protoplasm is sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, iron and silicon, with a tiny pinch of fluorine, iodine and manganese.

Very simple, isn't it? Apparently all you have to do is to shake these ingredients together and you have protoplasm, or life.

144 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Not so simple. Scientists have been trying it for centuries.

The solemn and scientific truth is that there is a "Leap of Life" somewhere which science has not bridged. It is an unexplainable gap. Science admits that.

Edison went so far in his experiments on the phonograph. He was then up against a stone wall. He could go no farther. Then in a sudden flash the thing came to him. It looked as if God had said: "Go as far as you can yourself, and when you come to the last leap, I'll help you over."

Most of the great scientific discoveries come in this way. Any careful reading of the story of the great discoveries will reveal this strange thing.

Conversion is an old word. It deals with a religious experience that many men have had. It is one of those experiences which cannot be explained scientifically. Dr. James of Harvard admits that there is a leap there that cannot be explained, but which is the very essence of reality. Those who have had this experience say that it remains to the end of life the great reality of all experiences.

Dr. Hutton describes it in this way: "There is a certain type of a bomb which can only be ignited by placing it in the direct rays of the sun. When it is placed in the rays of the sun, it suddenly explodes. This is what happens to a human soul when it is placed in the light of Christ. All of the powers and possibilities of that soul are somehow released in that sudden explosion. The inhibitions of a lifetime are broken. The bonds are snapped. The soul is released, and it makes a leap to God."

Science is penetrating and wise, but there are some things that even science cannot explain. The Leap of Life is one of them.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

Nature has put a lot of spice into life, according to that definition.

We are told that not a single snowflake, although all of them are of perfect mathematical design, is like its fellow snowflakes. This is certainly infinite variety. It gives one a wholesome sense of respect for the Creator behind these billions of flakes that fall in a single storm.

We are all familiar with the fact that no two thumb prints are alike, and it is on this fascinating assumption and scientific proof that our whole thumb-print system of detecting criminals is founded. It is also this scientific fact that hospitals are now using to mark new-born babies so that the wrong baby will not be delivered to a mother. That system is certain.

Then along comes science and tells us that no two germ cells are alike and that of the seventeen hundred millions of human beings on the earth to-day, no two are alike.

Walk along the seashore and try to find two stones alike some summer day.

In the fall time, gather a thousand leaves and see if you can find two that look exactly alike.

Look closely at birds, chickens, dogs, cats, twins, and see what infinite variety there is about animal and human life.

Look through a rose garden and see if you can find two roses that look exactly alike, or even two petals or two rose leaves, and you will be surprised at the infinite variety of Nature.

Who ever saw two sunsets or two sunrises that looked alike, or two clouds, or two dawns, or two seasons?

Sit in a store window in a city and watch the human race go by, and watch the infinite variety of human life.

No wonder they refer to it as "Infinite Variety." Nothing but the Infinite could have coined such variety, such fascinating differences in all life.

THE WIZARDRY OF WATER

Hydrogen is highly inflammable. Unite it with oxygen, which is another gas, and you have water, which puts out fire, and makes up most of our bodily weight.

Most of our human bodies and 85 per cent of our brains are made up of water. If our brains were only 20 per cent water they would be as hard as our skulls, and if they were only 10 per cent water they would be all fat.

Perhaps that is where our American expressions "water on the brain," "solid ivory," and "fat-head" originated. In the proportion that we have water on the brain are we either "solid ivory" or "fat-heads."

Water carries on the wizardry of solvents. It is the greatest solvent we know. Each year

rivers carry to the sea five billion tons of dissolved material, and unnumbered millions of tons of carbon compounds.

Over 90 per cent of the blood of the human body is water. It holds in solution all of the needed chemicals for our bodily good, and carries away all the wastes of our body.

Says Dr. Dorsey in "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," "Water's high specific heat makes it possible for man to produce 2,400 calories a day, enough to raise his temperature to 150 degrees, and yet to keep his body at normal temperature." The body needs water just as an automobile engine needs it.

Everything that lives is but a watery solution. Even man is like a porous sack of water.

A while ago this author published an article on "Water in the Philippines." That article showed how artesian wells had remade the life of these tropical islands, how it had cut down the death rate 75 per cent, how it had turned a pest area into a garden spot of glory. This was America's greatest contribution to the Philippine Islands.

Wholesome water and lots of it is better than much medicine. There is a strange wizardry

about water that is good for life, and is the heart of protoplasm, brain, and blood stream.

NO SUCH THING AS A PERFECT MAN

As the cartoonists say, "Somebody is always spoiling things."

Now along comes our scientist friend, Dr. George A. Dorsey, in "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," to tell us that there is no "Perfect Man."

This startling scientific statement will mean that a lot of human beings of the male gender will have to revise their estimates of themselves.

A few Jack Dempseys, Rudolph Valentinos, Douglas Fairbanks, and young Sheiks, will have to do a lot of explaining to their wives, their public, and their Shebas.

For thus speaketh Dr. Dorsey: "This is certain; there is no fixed, standardized, perfect, or biologically ideal human body."

This will come as a great shock to some men, as every wife will testify. It will come as a shock to that curious Lounge Lizard we have recently developed in American life.

150 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

One of these specimens came into a dentist's office and asked for gas. The dentist looked at him, with his hair pasted back from his narrow brow, his cheeks rouged, his lavender socks, tie and shirt matching; and turning to his young lady assistant, said: "How will I know when he is unconscious if I give him gas?"

Once a boy was molding a mud-man along a village stream. The child's mother called for him to run on an errand. In the meantime, one of the village Sheiks came along smoking a cigarette, his hair sleeked back, and the usual inane look, and the little boy couldn't find his mud-man which he was making when his mother called him to run on the errand. However, there was the village Sheik, and the little fellow looked up and said: "Why did you run away before I got you finished?"

Sometimes we think that Dr. Dorsey is right when we look upon some of these modern Lounge Lizard Sheiks. We are almost convinced that there is "no such thing as a perfect man."

VESTIGES

We are full of "Vestiges."

They used to tell us that we were full of Prunes.

But Science now comes along and points out the Vestiges.

Of course we all know about the appendix. We have known for a long time that the appendix was a hangover, which is a more popular word for vestige. Now they tell us that the "palm-pad" used to be used, and is now useless, when we walked on all fours. The sternalis muscle of the breast is another which has outworn its usefulness. The snarling muscle is dead wood and we don't need it, although some of us use it. Some few men can wiggle their ears, and others can wiggle the entire scalp. These are a few of the thousands of vestigial muscles in the body.

But the body is not the only institution that carries vestiges. Our clothes carry them. What about the buttons on our sleeves?

What about horses on city streets impeding traffic for several blocks? What about the old-fashioned pump we used to have to prime in

the morning with a bucket of water? What about the “old-fashioned girl” we see now and then with long hair and without a cigarette?

They used to say that “Life is just one damned thing after another.”

Pretty soon we will be saying that “Life is just one useless vestige after another.”

But after all, vestigial hangovers mean progress, so that every time you go into a museum and see a curio, that indicates progress.

Horses are few and far between in our city streets, but when we do see one, it emphasizes the progress that we have made in a quarter of a century in automobile construction and transportation.

So let's not get discouraged because a few vestiges remain.

We even have a few vestiges in Congress, and in Church, and in our Educational System. Maybe Kings are vestiges. Who knows?

TITHING

The lowest standard ever set was set by the Bible. The Old Testament suggests a tenth

of one's income, before anything else is taken out.

The Hebrew used to bring the first of his flocks, and his herds, and offer them as burnt offerings.

Then came the Income Tax, and the Government assumed that fifteen per cent of one's income should go to some form of benevolence or charity. It was a striking thing that the Government went five per cent ahead of the old Biblical standard on this matter of giving.

Then along came men like Hyde, the Mentholatum king; Welch, the Grape Juice man, and decided that ninety per cent was a fair tithe to give back to good works and good things.

But recently we have the example of Sir Henry Lunn, the Englishman who has visited our shores, who decided, after due thought, that he would give his entire fortune and income to the business of promoting unity among the churches. This is the first gift of this kind that has ever been set aside for this purpose.

It is an indication of the trend of the age.

154 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Men are coming to the place where they feel themselves to be but stewards of money.

Some men of great wealth give their Tithes, or their fifteen per cent, or their ninety per cent, by organizing a so-called "Foundation," and let other men dispose of their wealth, either because they do not want to bother with spending it, or because they do not feel capable of spending it. Others put their tithes back into their industry, or their organization, in order to make that industry and that organization capable of giving more people a livelihood, of making human beings more self-respecting and independent.

That is more than tithing; that is more than building foundations; that is more than giving away one's fortune and one's money, for that is continuing to give one's self with one's money and one's talents to others. Some day we will come to recognize this as one of the truest, and most intelligent and most generous forms of giving. This type of giving costs. It costs the energies, the thought, the time, that might be spent in Florida, or Monte Carlo, or California. It costs supervision, it costs worry and personal sacrifice. One cannot give in this

fashion and play golf in Florida all winter. This is the highest form of the tithe, for it tithes one's blood, one's years, one's family, one's friends.

PARADES

How we do love parades, we human beings!

Circus parades have intrigued us from boyhood days. Few American men but have golden memories of watching the circus come to town, watching it unload, carrying water for the elephant; watching the morning parade rumble through the village streets.

Some of us remember the old torchlight processions of the Harrison-Cleveland-McKinley days; and most of us carried torches in any parade available, regardless of our paternal politics.

Very few of us who were born in small towns to this day can resist watching the fire-wagons whirl by. That is a hangover of small-town days. In New York City to-day a dozen men of wealth have fire alarms in their rooms which sound when a "general alarm" is turned in, and they never miss a big fire. They give

gifts of ambulances and fire-fighting outfits in return for this privilege.

We even celebrate a wedding with a parade down the aisle of the church. Men do the wedding step like a goose-step, but women do it like a swan-step. The reason is that a woman has been practicing that step in her dreams from girlhood. Few men do it well.

War brought its parades. A current motion picture of the Great War is expressed in parades. It starts with that innumerable host of parades in the small towns when our boys, without uniforms, awkwardly, eagerly (not knowing what it all meant or where that parade ended), marched off to war like sheep to the slaughter.

Then there were the parades from the box-car trains in France to the billets in the manure of French stables. Then the parade of lorries one night into the front trenches. Then the Dress Parade through the fields of France, trampling down the red poppies in the face of machine-gun fire. So Joyce Kilmer died face forward. Then there were the parades of the "walking wounded" after the battle. Then there were the glorious parades through our

city streets "When the Boys Came Home" from "Over There."

But a part of the "Big Parade" that the picture does not show is the parade of a young wife, eight years after the war, in an Arizona town, or a California town; a parade to a little God's Acre, alone, leaving her boy-husband, after a battle with tuberculosis caused by gas or liquid fire. These parades are going on all over America. We must not forget these parades; these lonely parades, without band, or trumpets, or glory.

THE WOE OF WEIGHT

It used to be "The Weight of Woe," but now it is "The Woe of Weight."

We human beings double our weight in the first six months. A calf does it in fifty days; a dog in eight.

We increase our weight 200 per cent the first year, about 30 per cent the second year, and only 5 per cent the fifth year.

At puberty, which is from the fourteenth to seventeenth years, we take another jump and

158 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

increase our weight to 12 per cent. That is supposed to be our last spurt.

At least, science tells us that our weight ought not materially to increase after that time, if we live as we ought to live.

But most Americans then go on a Carbohydrate Debauch and the girth grows greater; so great, in fact, that weight becomes woe.

That is the reason why, when children are starving in the Near East and grown-ups are starving in the Far East, and all over the earth, we human beings here in America are spending most of our time trying to reduce our weight. We know that weight is woe.

In recent years, there has come a flock of books from the presses of the publishers on "Diet and Health," "Eat and Grow Slim," "How to Reduce," and America is buying them by the hundreds of thousands. Publishers are selling books on how to eat as rapidly as the most popular novels sell. Indeed, any book on food or diet is a sure-fire success. We want to keep slim, but we haven't the courage to quit eating.

The remedy is simple. Quit eating Carbohydrates. The everyday articles of diet which

contain most carbohydrates are: White bread (or any kind of bread), sugar, and potatoes. Anybody can reduce by eliminating these three articles of diet.

Weight is woe. Yet we do not need to cut our lives short, and diminish our efficiency and our alertness fifty per cent. Every drug store, every railway depot, every "five and ten cent store" has a scale, most of them free, with a table that will tell us how heavy we ought to be for a certain height.

How LONG WILL WE LIVE?

It depends.

Some invertebrates live less than 100 hours. Some insects live 17 years; some fishes and reptiles live over 200 years.

Few human beings live 100 years. Papers tell about many such, but they are not always authentic. Science tells us that absolutely authenticated cases of human beings who live beyond 100 years are almost unknown.

Some mammals live less than two years, some locusts seventeen.

Dr. Dorsey says that a dog is old at twenty

160 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

years. He says that he has seen a parrot that was 117 years old.

A tortoise can live 350 years. It may be slow, but it knows how to live a long time. No elephant has ever been known to live beyond 130.

But it isn't how long one lives; it is how much one lives while life lasts. Some men live two hundred years in a hundred. They live largely and beautifully. They live simply and quietly.

The sunset years ought to be the most beautiful of all; for as Browning says, these are the years for which all the rest were made.

The length of life is not important; but the weight of one's life is supremely important.

To have lived, and served, and loved, and laughed, is important even if one only has a few weeks or months or years in which to do it.

CARRIERS ON LIFE'S SEA

There are four carriers on Life's fitful sea.
The first is the Canoe of Childhood.

It is frail and easy to upset. All over the world the death rate among babies is high.

Infant mortality is one of the signs of the progress of civilization. The lower this infant mortality is, the higher in the scale of civilization have we attained.

The second is the Sailboat of Youth.

This is the symbol of the adventure, the daring, the careless period of life. A sailboat dips, and skims, and sweeps the seas. It is Youth's type of a ship. The Speed Boat is another symbol of Youth. Youth takes chances. Youth speeds an automobile. Youth dares danger. Youth has never learned caution.

The third is the old passenger ship of Middle Age.

Middle Age takes the sea gently. It wants a sure thing. It takes a great liner. It wants comfort and safety. It calls for no sailboat. Middle Age would be terrified by a canoe. Canoes are frail and easy to upset. Sailboats must be manipulated with dexterous hands and quick eyes. Middle Age likes a boat with a flat bottom, or a bottom that sets so deep in the sea that there is no danger of its upsetting.

Then there is the Derelict of Life.

There are many such boats on Life's sea. They are a menace to all of the other carriers

on Life's sea. They are a menace to Childhood, to Youth, and to Age. They drift aimlessly about. Legitimate traffic may come upon them in the night or in the fog. They are always a liability to life, whether they be in a city or on the sea of Life. Derelicts should be charted and marked. They should be rehabilitated, if possible, they should be made impossible.

In Brittany the fishermen have a little prayer which they pray as they put out to sea each morning: "O God, Thy sea is so great, and our boats are so small; take care of us."

WHENCE CAME OUR INVENTIONS?

From Nature!

Name a single great invention that did not originate in Nature.

All we know about flying we learned from birds.

Where did tools and weapons come from? Ask the Walrus. Ask the swordfish. Our ancestors learned how to make spears and swords from them. Where did we get the Awl? From the Grosbeak.

Whence came our vehicles of transportation? The first was a Travois. This we learned from Nature. Then we put two round logs under a burden and rolled it. That was the beginnings of a wagon. From wagons to automobiles was not a far step.

What about water-vehicles? First a hollow log. The first water-vehicle was called a Balsa. We learned how to propel it by watching a fish. We used wide shells as our first paddles. These gradually developed to the great paddles of ships, and to the turbines of ships. From hands to shells to turbines was a long leap.

What about money? First, we carried cattle about and bartered them. Then we got tired of this and made a leather piece of money to represent a cow. That was "Pecunia;" that was money. It came from "Pecus," the word for Ox. First, there was leather money; then bronze, then copper, silver, gold and paper.

In architecture it is the same. The arch was copied from the arch of the sky. Columns were originally trees. Capitals on the tops of columns were copied from leaves and clusters of grapes, etc. Colors we copied from the leaves of Fall, and from sunsets and sunrises.

It would be a good parlor game to try and think of some invention of men which does not have its replica in the world of Nature. Can you do it? If you can, let us know. We haven't been able to think of any invention of man that didn't have its first model in Nature.

PIN-HEADED PRE-HISTORICS

A recent scientist tells us about an old Prehistoric, Mr. Tyrannosaurus rex, by name.

His name may mean little to most of us, but the fact that he was 47 feet long, 20 feet high, heavier than an elephant; that he had teeth which were half a foot long; that his feet had mighty claws; that he could run like lightning; that he was the most terrible engine of power, precision and ferocity that ever lived; this all will interest us.

But he didn't live. That is significant. He just didn't survive. He couldn't keep up. He is now only an antique survival of a strange day.

Why didn't he live? Because he was a Pin-head.

He had nothing in his brain-box. In spite

of the fact that that brain-box or skull was thirty-six cubic feet, he had only a pound of brains in it. Therefore this gigantic reptile (for that is what he was) was a Dud. He was a flop and a failure.

We have our "Strangler" Lewises, such giants as *Tyrannosaurus rex*. We have our Jack Dempseys. They make more in a single night than the President of the United States makes in an entire year. That is all very interesting. But the world has a way of forgetting them, and it has a way of remembering the Presidents.

In fact, the world has a way of forgetting the Pin-heads of every age; the men of the big bodies and the small brains.

Victor Hugo has a picture in one of his books of a small man suddenly confronted on a narrow cliff by a huge giant who is ready to murder him and throw him over that cliff. But the little man pulls out of his cloak a little weapon which he has invented through the use of his brains; and suddenly he becomes much larger and stronger than that huge, hairy giant. His brains have made him larger than the largest beast or savage on earth.

It will be noted that the Pin-heads do not survive long even in our modern life. Industry, newspapers, business, soon drop the Pin-heads. They do not survive any more than the old giant we have mentioned as having lived back in the reptilian age.

IT'S BAREFOOT-TIME Now, BOYS AND GIRLS

Can you remember the first day your mother allowed you to take off your shoes and stockings and go barefooted?

Can't you remember the feel of the grass on your feet, and the careful way you picked a path across a cinder road or across a stubble field on that first day?

Isn't it too bad that the boys and girls of this generation are missing that glorious first day of taking off their shoes and stockings? We do lose things that are worth while, don't we?

There are certain great and glorious days that more or less correspond to those old days when we were allowed to take off our shoes and stockings:

(1) There is the day we take our winter underwear off.

(2) There is the first morning that we find a dandelion blooming on the lawn.

(3) There is that "grand and glorious feeling" we have the first day that we hear a robin singing.

(4) There is the opening day of the Ball Game.

(5) There is the day that School lets out, and vacation comes, and the wind is soft from the south and we find ourselves sitting on the bank of a stream fishing a little and reading a book a lot, and kicking our heels up in the air for the sheer love of life and living.

(6) Then there is that strange disease that attacks little girls and makes them want to go about jumping rope on every sidewalk at the same time that the fields are full of little calves jumping fences.

It is all a glorious part of the same urge.

We all need a chance to skip rope. We all need Fishin' days, and a chance to go barefooted. We all need to have that peculiar feeling we used to have when School let out—that last day of School—with all the world stretching out before us for rest, play, travel, recreation.

Re-creation—that is the meaning of it all. We need to recreate our bodies, our minds, our imaginations, our souls.

That is the spiritual need and the spiritual meaning of these Barefoot Days, these first swimming days, these first fishing days, these days when we take off the old woolens, and go to the opening game, and jump rope, and fly kites, and play marbles, and go on vacations, and gather wild flowers—and act like little calves jumping over fences.

There is hope for the world when we grown-ups can get the feel of that spirit now and then.

THE MOST SENSITIVE PLANT ON EARTH

There is in the tropics a plant which is called "The Sensitive Plant."

If you touch this plant it curls up as if some steel spring was a part of its inner workings.

But Luther Burbank says that the most sensitive plant on earth is a Child-plant.

Burbank is interested intensely in two things: Plant life and Child life. He calls our attention to the fact that metals are the least responsive to outside stimuli. It takes power-

ful acids, or intense heat, or great power, to change metals such as iron, silver, or gold. To work with metals one has to use great vats of acids, great furnaces, great steel hammers.

Plants are next in the scale of sensitiveness. Plants do not need any such outside stimuli to change them. Leave a little iron out of its reach and the green leaf of a plant will turn white. Put it in a cellar where it cannot tap the sunlight and the green leaf of a plant will also turn white. Mr. Burbank says that a plant will respond to nicotine, ether, chloroform, and alcohol, just as a human being does; they are that sensitive and delicate. They get drunk, they become unconscious, they die.

Mild heat will work a magical change in a plant; sunshine, atmosphere, and such minor forces will change plant life at will.

But when we come to a Child-plant Burbank plays hob with Dr. Wiggam, and the school of "Hereditary Fiends," as some one has called them for Mr. Burbank believes that what happens to a child in its first ten years will determine its eternal destiny. He says: "All animal life is sensitive to environment, but of all living things the child is the most sensitive.

Surroundings act upon it as the outside world acts upon the plate of a camera. Children respond to ten thousand subtle influences which would leave no more impression upon a plant than they would upon the Sphinx." "A child responds to Repetition quicker than any other plant," says the great plant breeder. By Repetition he means Habit—good or bad.

"You can breed into a Child-plant any trait you want it to have; and you can fix that trait forever in its soul," says Burbank. That means that we can offset the influences of a bad inheritance. Finally, says Mr. Burbank; "The Indian, the Ragamuffin, the Criminal, are made—and they are not born!" Which means that our schools, our homes, our churches, our governments, our newspapers, have an eternal responsibility in what happens to this delicate, sensitive—indeed, most sensitive of all living things on earth,—the Child-plant.

THE MIRACLE OF MOTHERHOOD

A real Mother washes little limbs and teaches hymns.

That sums up the twofold element of motherhood.

It is rooted in earth but it ends in the stars.
It is practical but it is spiritual.

John Masefield sums it up in two lines:

“I’ve washed eight little children’s limbs.
I’ve taught eight little souls their hymns.”

That’s motherhood there in those two little lines; the kind we know and the kind we cherish. Most of us have the sweet memory of a mother of that kind; one who could darn socks, make clothes, mend pants, wash faces, heal sores. She was cook, doctor, teacher, spiritual guide. She could tie a rag around a sore toe better than anybody on earth. She could bake better cookies and pies, and she certainly knew how to fry chicken and make potato cakes to the king’s taste. And, all the time, it was she who saw to it that we were all ready for Sunday School on Sunday morning; and, incidentally it was she who found out at noon whether we had all been there. It was she who found time on each evening, not only to wash the dishes, but to hear our prayers said.

172 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

She was an efficiency expert that makes the modern so-called Efficiency expert look like a clumsy bungler.

Masefield also sings a tribute to Motherhood in these lines which all find an echo in our hearts:

“In the dark womb where I began
My mother’s life made me a man.
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth.
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
But through the death of some of her.”

The ideal mother is practical but she lives in the spiritual. She feeds both our bodies and our souls.

Hutchinson’s book “One Increasing Purpose” has the picture of its hero, Simon Paris, in his perplexity, going into a church. There are two sentences in close juxtaposition, with but a single paragraph between them. They are significant:

“He found himself alone in a church.”

“And immediately he began to think of his mother.”

We start with mothers on earth but we end with them in the skies. The very way they bring us into the world is of the earth, earthy; of the flesh, fleshly. But they directly begin pointing out the stars to us. They are the most glorious combination of the practical and the spiritual that earth knows. And finally they lead us to a feeling of reverence that is beautifully expressed in the two further lines:

“O Mother, when I think of Thee
‘Tis but a step to Calvary.”

Such is the Miracle of Motherhood about which we ponder these days in early May, with Mother Day just ahead of us.

IT'S KITE-FLYING TIME

Boys are flying kites these windy March days.

All over America we will see them on hill and field, on every vacant city lot. The tragedies of this kite-flying season we see hanging on telephone wires and in high trees.

One of the most pathetic sights the city affords is the sight of a ruined kite hanging by

its tail, or by its home-made body to a tree or the gable of a house.

We all fly our little kites.

Uncle Joe Cannon in an interview given to this paper said in answer to a question as to what he thought of Roosevelt, "He was all right until he flew that little kite of his."

Asked what he meant he said: "The Bull Moose Party."

All of our readers may not agree with Uncle Joe that Roosevelt was flying a kite and some may. At least his kite got caught in the telegraph wires and it hangs there yet, battered and broken, torn in shreds by the winds of political chance.

Some editorials are like kites flying in the winds, caught in the wires as are some sermons, and much talk, and some friendships, and even some homes; and many dreams. But that isn't any reason why, when the mood is on, one ought not to fly kites.

Kite flying time makes us think of the little fellow who was flying his kite and the cord that held it swung around a big house. The boy could not even see his kite. An old man came up to him and said, "What are you doing?"

“I’m flying a kite,” said the boy.

“How do you know? You can’t even see your kite.”

“No, I can’t see it, but I can feel it pull,” said the boy.

Then the old verse comes back to adults at Kite-flying time:

“Boys flying kites
Haul in their white-winged birds
But you can’t do that when you’re flying
words.
Words, unspoken, sometimes fall back dead
But God Himself can’t stop them when
they’re said.”

BOYS ARE PLAYING MARBLES NOW

Everywhere boys squat down around a ring and play marbles these days.

It is marble-playing time. Each season has its traditional games in Boyland. These play-periods come around as surely as the seasons and the months.

Our adult fingers itch to get a “shooter” in our fingers, snuggled against our thumbs. We have the same feeling that we do at the

sight of a ball bat. We feel as if we could take that old bat and hit a ball a mile. The same feeling comes when we see a tennis racket in a window. In imagination we hit that new tennis ball and see it skim the net like a bird, hitting just within the back lines. We have the same feeling at the sight of a golf club. We can feel the impact of that club against a little white ball, and we can see it sailing off through space. But to get an "agate," or a "blood-eye" against a thumb, that is the most glorious feeling of all. And to get down on one's knees in the dirt, that is sublime. We are all and always boys playing marbles in a little ring.

What are American politicians? Boys playing marbles in a little ring.

What are European diplomats? Boys playing marbles in a larger ring.

What is the usual Athletic Club in the average American city? Boys playing marbles in a little ring.

What is the spirit of the average Noon-day Lunch Club? Boys playing marbles in a little ring.

When most of us were in school they taught

us that the greatest thing in the Universe was the Solar System, with our sun at its center. But now they come along and tell us that our Solar System, with our sun at its center, is like a few boys playing marbles in a ring, compared with the great Stellar System of which our Solar System is but a small part, and our sun like a pewee in the center of the ring of marbles.

“The Outline of Science” is the most popular source to get a new comprehension of what this Stellar System is, compared with our Solar System.

These fine clear Spring nights it is a fine sport to imagine the great sky above is a ring of marbles and that we grown-ups are Boys Playing Marbles again. Let us learn something about that Universe above us and about us. Then we will know what Alfred Noyes meant when he heard one of the great astronomers say, as he peered into the Heavens one night, “God Almighty, these are Thy thoughts we are thinking after Thee!”

SEA CAPTAINS ARE SILENT

Sea Captains are notoriously silent and uncommunicative.

We remember one very popular captain on a Pacific liner who was so flagrantly silent and uncommunicative that he found it hard to discuss even possible weather conditions with his passenger friends.

He seemed to feel that that would be breaking some traditional pose of a man in his position.

At the end of the voyage from Manila to San Francisco, the humorous passengers got out a little booklet entitled "Sayings of Captain Yardley." It was a beautifully bound book, but there were nothing but blank pages within this beautiful binding.

After all perhaps it is well to have a silent Sea Captain in charge of the Ship of State for a few years.

It will be a good lesson to that America which has had as its pet slang phrases since the war, "I'll say so," and "I'll tell the world!"

These two pet slang phrases in common use in America grew out of the war. Our Amer-

ican troops came back through England after the war was over admitting that they had won the war—practically unaided.

Maybe our silent Captain will be a good antidote to a current spirit of talkativeness which evolved these two slang phrases in our American life.

Silence is a good thing for the soul now and then.

Two men were talking. One was loquacious; one silent. The loquacious friend was slightly irritated by the silence of his friend and said to him, "Why in thunder don't you say something?"

The silent friend replied, "If I keep silent people will think one of two things about me. They will either think that I am a fool or that I am a very wise man. Why talk and remove all doubt?"

One feels like echoing: "Yes, why?"

The old couplet might be changed to read:

"A little silence now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

When Joaquin Miller first met James Whitcomb Riley, a strange thing happened. They

had looked forward to this meeting for years. At last a meeting was arranged. Miller was to go to Indianapolis. He went. He got off of the train. Riley was there. They smiled at each other, put their arms around each other's shoulders and walked off, arm in arm, without saying a single word to each other for several blocks.

Mrs. Miller said, "Why didn't you say something?"

"What was there to say?" queried Joaquin Miller.

We Americans have a habit of saying something whether there is anything to say or not. "I'll tell the world" anything. "I'll say so!" is our National Slogan.

Perhaps it will be a good thing for us to have a tradition of the sea in our Captain who is now guiding the Ship of State. Maybe we'll get a chance to do a little thinking for a change.

We may not be entirely fooled by the tradition of Coolidge which the Republicans are building up, but it isn't half bad to have a silent man for a model to the nation. We may joke about it; we may smile about it, for we are

an exceedingly loquacious people. Stories are going the round about his silence, side-splitting stories, but it is well to remember that—Sea Captains are Silent.

“RACE OR NATION”

This is the title of a discriminating book by Gino Speranza, and, foreign as his name sounds, and is, he is making a plea for the races within our borders to forget their racial prejudices and become Americans.

He says, “During five years, of ‘Liberal’ policy in the immigration laws, enough Jews passed through Ellis Island to outnumber all the communicants of Protestant churches in Greater New York. A Jewish publication estimates that of all the Jews in the world one in every ten resides in New York City.”

He further says that: “Out of a white population of 95,000,000 in 1920 14,000,000 were born in 45 different foreign countries, and 20,000,000 more were of foreign or half-foreign parentage.”

He also says that “The Polish immigrants

182 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

are an undigested mass in this country, and they become more consciously Polish than they actually were in Poland."

His conclusions are set forth in a startling question which America must face: "Shall the American spirit and American ideals as expressed in the institutions founded by the fathers be perpetuated; or shall democracy be modified and changed to fit, if not to suit, the spirit, ideals, and institutions of other races and other civilizations?"

In brief: Shall it be "Race or Nation?" are we to allow the different racial groups in our American life to modify, compromise, annul our traditional ideals to suit their European standards, or shall we fight to save those institutions which are characteristically American? It may be too late even now, Speranza thinks it is. But, at least, we ought to be aware of what processes are taking place in our Nation's life. Great groups which enter our haven of hope as a Promised Land to escape the terrors of European tyranny, immediately proceed to segregate themselves, with our help and connivance; edit their own newspapers, speak their own language, and remain more

loyal to their racial groups than they do to this nation which gives them their refuge.

THE WORKERS? THE FIGHTERS? THE RULERS AND THEIR GRAVES

It is all summed up by Gilbert Chesterton.

As usual it is scintillating, and it is biting like a winter-wind.

There is a sword-thrust in it and a laurel wreath to lay upon an English Cenotaph to unknown toilers and soldiers.

It might be applied to politicians who stand against the idealism of the common people; or the traditions of the nation. Those who forget our traditions might read with profit the following lines and learn something.

These lines might well be read at Washington at every opening of the national legislature.

“The men who worked for England
They found them graves at home;
The birds and bees of England
Around their tombstones roam.

The men who fought for England
Following a fallen star;
Alas, alas for England
They found their graves afar!

The men who ruled for England
In stately conclave met;
Alas, alas for England,
They have no graves as yet.”

GOLF AND POETRY

What has Golf to do with Poetry?

Might it not mean that a Golfer sees the green fields, the tapestried hillsides in the Autumn, the golden sward with its blanket of dandelions in Spring time (if the keeper has not been on his job); the twilight stars, the tramp home?

No, not that. We do not mean that kind of poetry.

We mean the kind of a linking of Golf and Poetry that is expressed in the following quatrain:

“The golf links lie so near the mill
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And see the men at play.”

RELIGIOUS RIP VAN WINKLES

A brilliant young preacher recently summed up in a phrase a characteristic attitude which some men assume towards the church. He called these men "Religious Rip Van Winkles."

He was describing that type of a man who has not been inside of a church for twenty years. He thinks that the church is the same church that it was twenty years ago; that it is preaching a literal Hell Fire and Brimstone, where little children are tossed to the angry flames; that it is asking folk to hold up their hands and vote on whether they are of the Sheep or the Goats, that it is afraid of Science; that it is fighting all modern knowledge and discovery; that it is an institution for "Old Women and Children."

This young preacher, Dr. Ralph Sockman, says that those who still believe these things of the church are Religious Rip Van Winkles, who went to sleep twenty years ago, and have not awakened even yet.

This type of a man is common. He was forced to go to church when he was a boy, and when he became his own master he did not go.

186 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

He still gives as an excuse for not going the fact that he cannot tolerate this "Fire and Brimstone Business." What he does not know is that there is hardly a church of any denomination in America that preaches an archaic doctrine like that in these days.

If some of these Religious Rip Van Winkles would shake themselves awake some Sunday morning about eleven o'clock and go to some alert church, they will have the surprise of their lives, finding out how different the church of to-day is from the church of twenty years ago.

It is a different church because it is a different world. The church is learning. Automobiles, wireless, airships, have brought the ends of the earth close; and new Truth is being discovered every day. It is a changing world and a changing church. Rip Van Winkles will discover that on a first visit to a modern church.

OUT OF WHAT YOU HAVE IN LIFE
MAKE MUSIC, FRIEND!

Mr. Burbank turned a golden California Poppy into a Crimson Poppy.

How? One day he was walking through a field and found a Golden Poppy with a spot of red as small as a pinhead in one petal. He isolated that plant, kept its seeds and replanted them. Each year that spot of red grew larger. Each year he sorted out the seeds of the Golden Poppy and selected the plants that had the largest spots of red until he had changed that Golden Poppy to a Crimson Poppy.

Mr. Burbank gave an ugly smelling Dahlia the perfume of a Magnolia.

How? One evening he walked in a bed of Dahlias, which, as all flower-lovers know, are ugly as to their odor. But Mr. Burbank caught a faint but beautiful scent that was different from the usual Dahlia perfume. He got down on his hands and knees and for hours sought out that elusive odor. Finally he isolated that plant, cared for it, nurtured it; got the seeds from it, sorted them out year after year, until he had produced a Dahlia with the odor of the Magnolia Blossom.

Mr. Burbank gave the Verbena the scent of the Arbutus, that sweet timid flower of Spring-time which hides under the dead leaves.

How? He found one evening as he walked

in his garden a Verbena with a beautiful scent. The usual scent of the Verbena is ugly. In fact, Mr. Burbank had planned to breed all scent out of the Verbena, because its odor was so ugly and repulsive, even though its form and color were beautiful.

He searched on this evening for that elusive odor. He could not find it. A year passed, and on another evening a year later to the day, he caught the same odor in that same bed of flowers. He did not quit searching until he found the individual Verbena which sent out that sweet odor, and before he was through with that experiment he developed the beautiful scent of an Arbutus in a Verbena.

He took what little there was in ugly-scented flowers and made them beautiful. He took an ugly-odored Dahlia and developed in it the perfume that poets love to write about, the "Sweet Magnolia Bloom." He took the hideous scent of a Verbena and developed out of that slight, elusive possibility, the perfume of a beautiful Arbutus. He took a tiny spot of red in a golden poppy and developed it into a crimson poppy.

"Out of what you have in life make music, friend!"

“WOULD I MIGHT ROUSE THE LINCOLN
IN YOU ALL!”

Lincoln!

Magic name!

His birthday is this week—February 12th.

Vachel Lindsay, American poet, reared in Lincoln's home, Springfield, Illinois, wrote the line that heads this Editorial. He had grown up in the Lincoln atmosphere. He had absorbed the Lincoln ideals. He knew they were good for all Americans and for all America; for all that, he knew they were good for all the earth.

Those who have visited Domremy, in France, say that all little girls born and raised in Domremy look like Joan of Arc. Perhaps? But we do know that Lindsay has absorbed some of the spirit of Lincoln.

For these days, for this hour, America might do well to get back to the Lincoln life—both copying after his personal life and after his national ideals. What would that mean? What would a fulfillment of Poet Lindsay's phrase, “Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all!” mean?

It would mean that a spirit of Tolerance would sweep over the nation.

It would mean that a spirit of Patience would come upon us again.

It would mean that a Sense of Humor, and the ability to laugh, would come back into the White House.

It would mean that a new spirit of Sacrifice for ideals would come to birth again.

It would mean that a new reverence for God and for the sacredness of each individual's Personality would arise again!

“Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all!”

WHAT WILL LIVE LONGER THAN A MARBLE TEMPLE?

Iron? No! It rusts out in a few years.

Steel? No! It has many enemies and crumbles!

Mountain peaks? No! They disappear. The famous Gordon's Calvary in Jerusalem with its granite skull is crumbling so fast that it cannot be seen even now.

Channing Pollock, author of “The Fool” and

“The Enemy” says: “A single line will outlive a Marble Temple.”

Test this statement by single lines from the Bible. They live. Marble Temples that existed then are gone. Greek lines have also outlived Greek Temples.

What are some single lines that will outlast our Woolworth Towers and our Quebec bridges? Here are some:

Emerson: “Trust Thyself! Every heart vibrates to that Iron String!”

Carlyle: “Man! Stands he not at the center of Immensities, at the conflux of Eternities!”

Drinkwater: “And Lincoln was the Lord of his event!”

Markham: “And leaves a lonesome place against the sky!”

Lindsay: “Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all!”

Jesus: “Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.”

Lowell: “Stern men with empires in their brains.”

Bancroft: “The common mind is the true Parian marble, fit to be wrought into likeness to a god!”

192 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

Beecher: "Mirth is God's medicine."

Milton: "License they mean, when they cry
Liberty!"

Pope: "To err is human; to forgive, divine!"

"THEY WHO MOST IMPUTE A FAULT"—

Faults! They are many!

But strangely enough they seem to confine themselves to other people rather than to our selves.

We so seldom see our own faults; it is so easy to see them in others!

The ever-wise Book suggests that we had better get a Spiritual Vacuum Cleaner and a suction pump and get the beam out of our own eyes before we attempt to remove the mote from the eye of another.

A wise poet has said the same thing in these words: "They who most impute a fault are pronest to it!"

Psychologically the poet is correct. Dr. J. A. Hadfield, M.B.CH.B. of Edinburgh University, says: "It is a well-known fact that preachers are always preaching against the sins to which they are, unconsciously, most prone.

Therefore it is literally true that in judging others we trumpet abroad our secret faults. Paul breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the Christians because he was three parts a Christian."

Gossips, who judge others—whether they be Preacher Gossips, Editorial Gossips, or Back-fence Gossips—according to modern psychology condemn themselves. Why? Answer: Because they admit to men who know, two things: They confess that the very faults they condemn in others they themselves are prone to. Second, they confess, through the very art of gossip, a mental throwback to childhood. Children talk small talk—individual children and the children of the race. To talk small talk, cheap talk, commonly called "Gossip," is an admission of little reading, a small horizon, a lack of international or even national viewpoint. The same is true of the man who swears. He swears because of a depleted vocabulary. He would not need to swear or to use slang if he felt full of confidence in his vocabulary. So with the gossip and fault-finder. He admits ignorance and a limited

horizon when he engages in small talk. He has an Inferiority Complex.

“AND LINCOLN WAS THE LORD OF HIS EVENT”

John Drinkwater says this.

He says it in his play on Abraham Lincoln.

He also says it of Oliver Cromwell, who came from lonely Huntington to brush aside the occupant of the English throne, and seat himself thereon for a time, on behalf of the Democracies of this world. Drinkwater describes this epoch with the same line that he describes Lincoln's forthcoming to take the helm of the Ship of State to pilot that storm-toss't ship through the turbulent, tumultuous waters of the Civil War; “And Cromwell was the Lord of his event!”

Who are the lords of their events these days?

The manufacturer who stands at the focus of time and tides, with his own ideas and ideals uninfluenced by what others have done or are doing; placing people before profits; faith before fame; truth before triumph; sincerity and simplicity before ostentation and affectation.

The editor who listens not to the mob spirit of our America ; nor to the man with the “Pride of Intellect ;” nor to the money-makers and the soul-breakers.

The teacher who steps into a school-room with the consciousness that he is handling life-stuff ; that he is a sculptor, molding for Eternity ; molding the nation as well as the soul of a little child.

The parent who commands the respect of his own child, the love of his own wife, and the esteem of his community, is “The lord of his event !”

Of such may it be said: “These are the lords of their events !”

DEBT AND DOUBT

Debt and doubt are twin brothers.

Debt breeds doubt, fear, and inferiority in an individual.

When a man is in debt he becomes to that degree a coward, filled with misgivings, fear and doubt. He is not sure of himself. He is vulnerable to that degree.

There is nothing that will breed what the

psychologists call an "inferiority complex" so quickly as getting in debt to another.

This is true of a city, a church, a state, or a nation, as well as it is true of a person.

France is an illustration of this universal truth. France is full of fear to-day. She is bolstering up that "inferiority complex" with armies, and army maneuvers. Her show of arms bolsters up her fear and her doubt of her own strength. Her falling franc is a straw showing the way the wind of doubt is blowing. She has lost faith in her own strength. It is because of her national debts.

All of Europe is full of fear and doubt. Europe is in debt. The sooner she pays her debts, and wins back her self-respect, the sooner her fear and doubt psychology will dissipate.

A debtor nation and a debtor individual are always suspicious of that nation and that person to whom money is owed. To loan money is to lose a friend—personally or nationally. All Europe hates us because all Europe owes us now. We are always afraid of a man to whom we owe. That is human nature, and that applies to nations as well as to men.

The world will be full of doubt as long as debt lasts.

A LITTLE WAY WE HAVE HERE IN AMERICA

In Hutchinson's new book, "One Increasing Purpose," there is a conversation about smoking in the presence of ladies. This conversation is carried on in the home of an English lord of high repute. The visitor, Mr. Simon Paris, is struck by the fact that the men do not smoke until the women go. The man of that home, Sir Henry, says: "We have a custom of not smoking until mother and the girls have gone from the room, and then we smoke like chimneys. It is just a little way we have."

We used to have "just a little way" of that kind in the United States of America.

We like the "ancient and beautiful things" here in America.

We like to preserve the old furniture, the old songs, the old pictures of another day.

We like to think and pretend that we do not, but deep down in our hearts the "ancient, outworn, Puritanical traditions of right and

wrong" become us and we have a sneaking respect for them. Women in these United States do not smoke with very much grace. I heard a European say: "American women are cigarette wasters."

When I asked him what he meant he said: "They don't really enjoy cigarettes. They don't inhale them down deep into their lungs as if they tasted good. They nibble at them. They waste good cigarettes. American women never will be able to smoke cigarettes with any great naturalness or any great joy."

And the European—French to be exact—knows what he is talking about because his women smoke naturally. Ours do not. We still have "a little way with us."

We are just naturally so old-fashioned that it is hard for the average American to see a woman smoking in a public place and not class her with a group of women upon whom we have learned to look with considerable question. That is the natural reaction of the average American. If a woman smokes cigarettes she is bad. It is not true, for many gracious, beautiful, and cultured women smoke these days, but nevertheless "we have a way with us" that

makes us feel thus, and it will take many, many centuries of breeding the idea into us that a woman smoking is all right.

"That is just a little way we have," as Sir Henry said.

READY TO HAIL TRUE LEADERS

Carlyle was right. We are hero-worshipers.

Once it was said of a great admiral: "It seemed as if the sea stood in awe of this man!"

The Earl of Kildare who was in rebellion against Henry VII of England was brought to London to be examined by the Privy Council and the King.

The King had a sense of humor and also a sense of human values. He listened to the evidence and said: "You tell me that all Ireland cannot govern this Earl! Then let this Earl govern all Ireland!"

Emerson said: "From a great heart secret magnetisms flow incessantly to draw great events!"

Talleyrand said once upon a time: "Keep cool, and you command everybody. Above all, gentlemen, no heat!"

200 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

What have these quotations said to us, from varied minds of thinking men?

The first one says that even the seas stand in awe of a great man. Nature recognizes greatness when it passes by.

The second quotation says that kings recognize greatness. The Earl of Kildare was brought before the King as a prisoner but was sent away as a ruler.

The third quotation says that greatness pours forth a personal magnetism so that we recognize greatness whether we will or no. It is automatic. I believe that it is.

The fourth quotation by Talleyrand says that a truly great, cool, poised man commands the earth.

John Drinkwater says:

“When the high heart we magnify
And the true vision celebrate;
And worship greatness passing by
Ourselves are great.”

Thus we automatically become great in worshiping greatness.

They tell us that boys who have grown up in Lincoln’s land come to look like Lincoln.

They say that little girls who have been reared in Domremy, Joan of Arc's birthplace, in France, come to look like the Saint.

America likes a hero. True enough, often we make our heroes out of mud when we worship a Jack Dempsey, or a Jack Johnson, or a "Red" Grange.

Rather let us give expression to our natural hero worship by enshrining the creators, the productive men, the men of genius who think through, and dream through, and see through our great productive creations.

Who is the Hero of this new day? Answer: The men who sever a continent and unite two oceans in wedlock through a Panama Canal.

Who is the hero of this new day? Answer: Men who send the human voice around the earth in seconds.

Who is the Hero of this new day? Answer: Men who remake a desert with irrigation and "Make the desert to blossom as the rose."

Who? Answer: Men who harness the electrical power of our waterfalls and turn the wheels of the world.

Who? Men who work for a lifetime to learn how to split an electron.

Hugo well said: "There is only one thing mightier than armies and that is an idea whose hour has come."

Who are the Heroes? "Men whose ideas have come. Men who see far enough ahead to know what human needs will be twenty years before those human needs arrive."

FIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE GREATNESS

One is Simplicity of Soul!

Test your great men of the past and to-day by this test and you will discover that this is the first characteristic. This means Sincerity, of course, and Carlyle used to say that "A great, deep, genuine Sincerity was the characteristic of any man who could in any sense be called Heroic."

Another is Thinking!

To be great a man must be a thinking man. The thinking men see ahead of the rest of us. Thinking men become our Poets, our Prophets, our Inventors, our Manufacturers, our Engineers. Rodin has a bronze called "The Thinker." In the original conception of that bronze Rodin pictured the upward growth of

mankind from the animal, through Savagery, through the Cave Man to that great and glorious moment when he became a thinking man. This detail of that group, "The Thinker," was originally intended to crown the top of a thirty-foot series of bronze figures. We see only the detail figure in our "Thinker."

Another characteristic of true greatness is Feeling.

No man is truly great who does not feel. A combination of the thinking man and the feeling man is a perfect combination. Bayard Taylor expressed this type in four magnificent lines:

"Sleep, soldier, still in honored rest
Thy truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

The man who feels knows what Sympathy is. Lincoln had sympathy for a pig stuck in the mud and for a dog left behind in a journey. All truly great men have had sympathy. Napoleon sent thousands of fathers and husbands to death without batting an eye. He had no feeling; no Sympathy. To that degree he was not great.

204 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

The truly great man is a Religious Man.

Washington always had Family Prayer; he always asked grace before meals; he had his own Book of Prayer which he selected for each day of the week. He attended church regularly. He was devout.

Lincoln, while not a member of any church, prayed, and attended church and based his literary style and his life on the tenets of the Bible.

Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone walked half a mile every morning to worship in a little chapel before Parliament opened.

Cromwell was noted for his piety as well as his power as a General.

A truly great man must have a good deal of all four of these elements mixed up in his ingredients: Simplicity, Thinking, Feeling, and Religion.

THE ANCIENT AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS

We ought to keep them forever.

These "ancient and beautiful things" are like old friends. It is well to make new friends, but it is even better to keep the old.

These United States of ours have developed some things that are worth keeping and we ought not to allow them to be driven out by Oriental and European importations.

There are no songs being written in this Jazz Day that compare with the old songs that grew up out of our past history. What jazz song compares with the plaintive, melancholy, and spiritual import of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Nobody Knows De Trouble I's Seen But Jesus," "I Can't Hear Nobody Pray," "Singin' All Over God's Hebben"?

It is refreshing that just at this time there is a revival of interest in the negro spirituals. There have been a dozen books published on these spirituals. We are beginning to put a proper valuation on our "ancient and beautiful things."

There is also a movement on foot which is spreading all over America to preserve the old dances and to rehabilitate them and get them back into the heart of America. This movement is being received with enthusiasm everywhere.

By "the expulsive power of a new affection" the jazz creations of the jungles of the earth,

206 Pulpit Prayers and Paragraphs

these direct importations from Africa and Java, from the lowest, vilest savage debaucheries are being replaced by the “ancient and beautiful” dances of our forefathers.

He who saves for America the old music, the old songs, the beautiful old hymns of the church, the old customs, the old and beautiful dances, is making America his debtor forever.

One needs make no apology for singing over and over again “Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me,” “Nearer, My God, to Thee,” or even “Annie Laurie” or “I Was Seeing Nellie Home” in the face of the fact that literally hundreds of thousands of American business men gather at noonday lunch clubs every week and sing with great vehemence:

“I’m a little prairie flower growing wilder hour by hour,” or “Old Bill Johnson had a cow —ee—oo—ii—oo—ee!” or words to that effect.

“The ancient and beautiful things” are worth preserving in song, in church, in our homes, in our public institutions, in our family life.

WE'RE NOT SO MUCH AFTER ALL

We're not so much after all, we human beings, compared with a Microbe.

They are so small that we can't see them, but they can knock us galley-west in a few hours these Spring days.

Dr. Slosson tells us of a Scientist who has conceived of a way to tell us just about how big a Microbe is compared with a man.

The plan is to imagine a bacterium enlarged to the size of a sphere one inch in diameter.

If the average man were enlarged in like proportions he would be thirty miles tall.

Dr. Slosson also tells us that this rascal of a bacterium has a wicked way about him of reproducing himself every twenty minutes. At this rate at the end of twenty minutes more each will be adult size and will have reproduced again. Within eight hours the one bacterium will have become 16,000,000 in number.

Can you get that? If not, let this gentle thought sink into your reader mind; at the end of 24 hours—just one day—if nothing happened to kill those nice little bacteria, there would be just 500 tons of them by weight.

It isn't large but it multiplies fast.

The best way to discourage an ambitious bacterium like this fellow, or any of his kith or kin, is to keep a clean, healthy body, which you have given plenty of rest—enough to evacuate all of the waste, and build up all the energy torn down during the day. Give that body plenty of water and try to keep the mind which that body houses free from worries, angers, fears.

Also see that that body gets plenty of exercise. These are simple rules of health and happiness, but they are absolutely the only safeguard against a dangerous invasion of one of thousands of hordes of these little fellows who know how to multiply so rapidly.

THE END

Date Due

S 30 '38			
MR 10 '41			
24			
Mr 12 '41			
Ag 13 '43			
S 21 '43			
Mr 10 '41			
FACULTY			
MAR 5 '60			
APRIL 5 '60			
JAN 21 '70			
MAY 20 1977			
©			

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 01002 5890